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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It has been on the whole a great debate in the House of Lords; though, recalling others during the last twenty years, we certainly miss one ruling figure. By how much less would the Home Rule Bill debate of 1893 live in the memory of those who heard it, had Lord Salisbury not been the chief and last speaker! The House of Lords now has no more a Salisbury than the Commons a Gladstone. It has no master personality. Yet, of its kind, nothing could be better than Lord Lansdowne's speech in opening the debate.

It was flawless in form, even-flowing, clear, correct. It had no flourish at the beginning or the end, and it was, intellectually, satisfying. In its touch of icy irony, its cold sneer here and there—as in the confession "I do not know what recreating the rural population means"—we have quite the ideal opposite to "naked democracy". The old ruling class may be doomed; but, as it happens, it can still support in the House of Lords a classic example of the aquiline style of speech.

The Lord Chancellor was warm. His speech was reminiscent of the democratic, humanitarian Bob Reid of the House of Commons. We have rather lost sight of that personality of late; it perhaps hardly comports with the full-bottomed wig and the woollack. He made the important statement that the Liberals would not take office again without the power to deal effectively with the House of Lords question; and this was emphasised later by Lord Pentland.

Lord Cromer's speech was grave. One is interested by his argument that, if there be an exasperating struggle between parties, the vital matter of the defence of the Empire may suffer neglect. But it might suffer still more if the Peers were cowed at the last moment

and the Radicals and extremists won all along the line, as they probably would after such a nerveless, miserable surrender. The Conservative party would come into the scorn of many of its friends as well as all its foes. A surrender has indeed been impossible for at least a matter of weeks past. The thing was still debateable—perhaps—in September or October, never after that. To be ready to debate it on November 23, as Lord Cromer and Lord Lytton seemed ready, this was as if Wellington had considered the question of withdrawing from Hougoumont at 10.45 A.M. on the eighteenth of June.

Lord Cromer must always command a respectful hearing, yet his speech on the whole was likely to leave many of his friends in a black fog of uncertainty. On and off he appeared to be speaking on both sides of the fence, and he ends up by refusing to vote on either. The Budget is bad; the Government is bad and extravagant; tariff reform is bad; socialism is worse; to take our thoughts off the vital question of national defence is fatal, and flinging out the Budget may lead to this ill; and it is bad to do anything to inconvenience Lord Lansdowne, a tariff reformer, who is going to do all he can to fling out this Budget and so invite the fatality in question. Was ever wisdom in such a welter? Most Englishmen, we think, will say: "In Heaven's name, give us, rather than this, a little foolhardiness, and the decision to speak and vote one way or another."

In some degree Lord Rosebery's attitude is like Lord Cromer's. To employ his own phrase, he stands first on one leg, then on the other, and then on neither. But we must say the feat is much more beautiful to follow than Lord Cromer's; Lord Cromer's movements are, alas, rather stiff and halting—Lord Rosebery still trips it on the light fantastic toe. What could be happier than his description of the dumping down of all the raw material of the Budget and the excruciating mess into which the Government plunged, and their two hundred and fifty amendments to try to fashion it into workable shape? Or, for lighter touches, what could be better than his quizzing Lord Camperdown as calling for a Balaclava charge?

We cannot help admiring that picture, too, of the great liners hurrying across the Atlantic with bonds and

scrips for ballast, though unfortunately it rather guts his own argument and those in the notable speech by Lord Revelstoke—indeed, one of the chief arguments against the Budget—that it is sending investors abroad. From a purely literary point of view, perhaps, it is immoral to spare even our best arguments or friends when we have a good saying or image at their expense. The truly religious man of letters or the true artist is ready to sacrifice everything to beauty—it is his god. But in politics and the more solid pursuits of life the wise man will respect at least his own arguments.

Lord Rosebery went on to explain that the Lords would presently score by passing the Budget, and here surely he lost himself. If we follow his line of thought aright, when the Budget poison by and by begins to work in the veins of the masses, they, in their rage at unemployment and bad trade and increasing poverty, will greatly admire the House of Lords for—passing this "poison"! And there will be a great revulsion of feeling, and out will go the Liberals with a vengeance. To dish the Liberals, he would have the Lords craftily pass the one measure above all others on which the Liberals have set their hearts. It may be extremely subtle; we should say it is also extremely unsound.

Lord Milner discovered himself in a light almost new to some of us. He has been regarded as constructive rather than destructive in his policy—as an ardent lover of tariff reform rather than an ardent hater of the socialism of the Budget. But he declared that all the taxes were bad. It makes one's mouth water to hear from him that a matter of thirteen millions can be got by taxing the foreigner, and got without the least inconvenience to trade and employment at home! The most impressive part of his speech dealt with the death duties. He is a great expert here, and he warns us that if we again raise these duties from nineteen to over twenty-six millions, we shall begin to go down the slope. As it is "the accumulated wealth of the country seems to be on something like a dead level"—an alarming thing, considering how the wealth of the world is growing.

After Lord Cromer and Lord Rosebery came Lord Balfour of Burleigh; indeed every day of the debate seemed "to bring forth a noble knight" who came in all his arms into the lists and rode up and down and flung down his glove; and then, thinking better of the business, picked up his glove and pranced away without a tilt after all. We must say we hope we have got to the end of these noble knights who upbraid the foe and then betake themselves to the woods. A little of this sort of thing may spell discretion; but when indulged in by speaker after speaker it looks more like dastardy.

Some of the lighter—we will not say feather—weights spoke well. Lord Newton was bright and witty; the Marquis of Northampton spoke with force. Lord Ribblesdale always speaks well. Some very solemn folk may regard his jests on such a grave occasion almost as ribaldry. We do not. *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* Besides, salted almonds are good things at a big feast. The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Beauchamp showed plenty of spirit. Perhaps the Duke did not quite come off in his jest about Lord Crewe being a self-constituted mute at the obsequies. Does he think mutes ought to make speeches? That would add a new terror to funerals. There were the usual time-dishonoured clichés. Even Lord Ribblesdale had out Pelion and Ossa once more, whilst Lord Pentland cast the Constitution into the melting-pot. Lord Milner used the goose and her golden eggs. Really it is time to put that very ancient bird out to grass with the Trojan horse.

Lord Loreburn and Lord Halsbury are *ex officio* on different sides over the Budget. Lord Loreburn would not be on the woolsack if he were not ready to back up the Government with all the circumstance of his office. Lord Halsbury is the last man in politics to leave his

party without the prestige of his support as their ex-Lord Chancellor with an experience of the practical working of the Constitution which makes Lord Loreburn look juvenile. But the truth is there is no special value in their opinions as lawyers on the Budget question. In a certain class of case in the Courts—say about Trade Unions—it could be foretold they would decide in opposite ways, the reason being that they would be legislators and not judges. "I think it ought to be", "I think it ought not to be" is about what their arguments would come to. It is much the same with their quasi-legal opinions about the Budget.

Another pair of legal Siamese twins has appeared in the controversy, the "Times" being their arena. Professor Dicey and Sir Frederick Pollock are in the academic legal world what Lord Loreburn and Lord Halsbury are in the actual forum. If one did not know or could forget that Professor Dicey was a Liberal Unionist most likely to be against the Government, and had only read his book on the Constitution, one would say that he would be against the Lords, he is such a strong House of Commons man. Candidly we must say that we are not surprised at Sir Frederick Pollock's surprise that he takes the Lords' side now. But with these two it is exactly the same thing again as with Lord Loreburn and Lord Halsbury. In ability and learning Sir Frederick and the Professor are peers—though Sir Frederick is our only legal stylist. They would probably give the same sort of opinion on most strictly legal questions, just as Lord Loreburn and Lord Halsbury would. But when it comes to Constitutionalism one says—to use Lord Halsbury's illustration—"I say it is so"; the other says "I say it is not". They are not so crude in the Courts.

The Budget is exciting Ireland: The increase in Irish over-taxation becomes known in the village, and the board of guardians pass a resolution against the Irish party for supporting it; but then the League goes to work, by falsehood and intimidation, and the guardians rescind their resolution. This has been the way in Ireland since the Finance Bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons. Alike in passing the resolution and in rescinding it the guardians are unrepresentative of the people, because the people know little or nothing about the matter either way. They have been brought up to think what they are told, and, while it remains so, good government is practically impossible in Ireland. How can good government be provided for a people who are permanently incapable of thinking whether government is good or bad?

The sham fight made by the Irish party against the Land Bill compromise between the Government and the House of Lords may help to restore the prestige that has been damaged by the Budget; but on the other hand it is hard to disguise, even in Ireland, the fact that the Government have thrown the Irishmen over after having got their support on British questions all through the session. The Irish votes are there to swell the majorities against the House of Lords, but the Radical reward has been cut out of the Land Bill by a confidential arrangement between Mr. Birrell and the Peers. Yet there are people who credit the Irish members with political ability! Ireland's price for picking her statesmen from the village public-houses is very heavy, but she cannot yet see it, and even if she saw it she would be afraid to say so. Months ago we warned those credulous ones from Ireland in the House of Commons that it would suit the Government well to drop their most valued provisions of the Land Bill after their support had been got for the Budget.

Mr. Balfour will have to save the situation at East Marylebone; no one else can. The seat will be given to the Liberals unless the ground is cleared and a new Unionist candidate found, a man of distinction acceptable to the whole party in the division. We must say that things have only been made much worse by the committee of the Marylebone Constitutional Union

lighting on a Mr. Boyton, of local celebrity, to succeed Lord Charles Beresford. Mr. Jebb, having got two first-rate men out of his way, is not likely to make room for an even less distinguished man than himself. He can hardly be expected to. Local politicians, at any rate in London, are taking themselves too seriously. It is absurd that every local man who has done some useful work canvassing or something else should think he has earned the reversion of the seat. Constituencies like East Marylebone are wanted for men who by position and ability can help their party in the House. At this moment there are men of first-rate capacity and of public experience—men who ought to be in Parliament—wanting a constituency. East Marylebone should be turned to account.

Apparently the bye-election at Uxbridge is not to come off; nor at Portsmouth. Yet all parties are working at Portsmouth as though they expected the election immediately. Well, Lord Charles Beresford need not have minded how soon it came. To wait for the General Election may be sensible, but Unionists can hardly be content. If only we had everywhere else the one man in all the world for the place as we have at Portsmouth! It is the man wins more than the cause. At Norwich, for instance, if Sir Samuel Hoare will stand, we shall win it back, in spite of the nearly four-thousand Radical majority. Sir Samuel has always been so much more than a party politician that even political opponents used to vote for him. He is a great patriot, and at this very grave crisis we feel sure he will not fail his country, but will yet fill the gap at Norwich.

In the negotiations between the Liberals and the Labour-Socialists as to three-cornered contests in Wales the Labour-Socialists have got a decided advantage. In five constituencies Liberal candidates are not to contest five seats now held by miner members, and in only one (East Carmarthen) is the compliment returned by the retirement of the miners' candidate. The Solicitor-General is to go from Mid-Glamorgan to Merthyr in order that the nominee of the Miners' Federation may have a clear field at Mid-Glamorgan. The result seems to warrant the Labour-Socialist party in insisting on what suits themselves and not caring to consult Liberal views in the matter. They are willing enough to agree when Liberals give way to their own men, but they are determined, they say, to fight every constituency where they believe they have any sort of chance. Whether it lets in a Conservative is a matter of indifference compared with keeping their own party acting independently.

Let us all note what Miss Pankhurst said a few days ago—it would be Mr. Balfour's turn next. The more intelligent suffragettes now understand quite clearly that the Conservative party has not the least idea of rewarding them because they have behaved in a disgraceful way towards members of the Government. The notion among the ignorant hitherto has been that a woman who binds herself to Mr. Asquith's railings or hits Mr. Churchill in the face will secretly please the Tories. As a fact, of course, such acts utterly disgust every decent member, indifferently, of the Conservative and of the Liberal parties.

Mr. Justice Grantham's ideas are often strikingly incoherent, but he surpassed himself in his remarks on sentencing the two women who spoiled the ballot-papers at Bermondsey, one of whom nearly blinded the presiding officer. He began by saying they had both been convicted of a serious crime, and he would treat them exactly as he would treat any other criminals. He finished by saying that as the defendants were people not of the same class as ordinary criminals the imprisonment would be in the second division. This is the division in which the offender is kept from the ordinary criminal. Since the suffragettes began to crowd into it we should think the ordinary criminal will give himself airs that he is not in it.

There are signs that both employers and men are becoming less dogged in the New South Wales coal

strike. They are feeling their way towards a conference; and there is a suggestion that Lord Dudley, the Governor-General, should act as mediator. The men would accept an open conference; the employers are maintaining that the Wages Dispute Board should be resorted to. This is somewhat of a change, as it was the men's belief in the hostility of the employers to this Board that led to the strike. On the whole it seems that the men are in a more favourable position. The southern mineowners have never supported their northern fellows, and they are said to be privately negotiating with the men. The coalowners, too, are not supported by the Employers' Federation, as the coalowners do not belong to it. Above all, it is clear that the compulsory powers under the Industrial Disputes Act have broken down. It is quite understood that if the colliers' leaders were sent to prison there would be a general strike of all trades.

A year and a half after the trial began, the High Court of Appeal in Calcutta has given a judgment on the anarchist conspirators who were arrested after the murder of the Kennedy ladies in May 1908. The proceedings have been diversified by several attempts to blow up the trains in which the European Crown Prosecutor travelled, by the assassination of the Indian Public Prosecutor, of the informer inside the jail and of the detective-inspector of police in the public street. Seven of the thirty-three prisoners were convicted by the Indian assessors; this number was raised to nineteen by the judge. The Appellate Court has now acquitted one, and the judges have differed about four, whose case is relegated to a third judge. Through a technical informality the two chief criminals escaped the death sentence. They are to be transported for life. The judgment vindicates the employment of the summary method of deportation. It must be clear now that anarchy in India cannot be suppressed by judicial proceedings only.

Herr Kaempf, the Vice-President of the German Reichstag, was the principal speaker at the dinner given on Wednesday by the London Chamber of Commerce. He spoke of tariffs, and he pointed out two things. There are at present high tariffs, and they are going to be made higher and insurmountable; next that all nations were anxious to restore freedom of international trade. This reminds us of the talk about the desire of nations to disarm while they are straining to increase their armaments. Herr Kaempf is a Free Trader—there are Free Traders in Germany, in America, and in France. But we do not observe that he proposes Germany should imitate us and take off tariffs while other nations are building their walls higher. Tariffs are an "endless screw", as he says; and we are always getting an extra twist of it. We have no screw, and cannot twist. It is wanted—at least till the other parties take their screws off.

France has lost all patience with Mulai Hafid, and it is time that she did. M. Pichon has said the right thing at last, and the envoys of the Sultan who heard it will probably tell him to mind his P's and Q's. Mulai Hafid wants money very badly, and he also wants to get the French out of the Shawia and out of Casa-blanca. The fact that France has a footing in these places gives her the position of vantage, and she should have no difficulty in bringing the Sultan to terms. But there is no knowing what may not happen in Morocco, the chosen land of muddle and inconclusiveness. M. Pichon's speech reflects credit upon M. Pichon. That he should have had to make it at this time of day reflects discredit upon the way in which his country has conducted her business in Morocco, and upon the spirit in which opposition deputies in France approach questions of foreign policy.

It is real fun reading the accounts of the visit of the representatives of the British stage and dramatic criticism to the Comédie Française. In a sense the mission was elegiac and pathetic. It was to present a memorial

to the Comédie Française of the admiration of British actors and critics for the genius of Coquelin. There is nothing amusing about this simple fact itself. It was an admirable idea, indeed, with which everyone must be sympathetic. But the French speeches! What amusement and amazement the Englishmen must have got from them!

Frenchmen do so delicately seize the nuances of the genius of our great living Englishmen; of those who were present especially. How subtly M. Claretie describes Mr. A. B. Walkley as "*si honoré parmi les plus puissants publicistes de la noble presse Anglaise*". Publicist indeed: Mr. Walkley must have shuddered a little at a name we generally give a man when we do not know what else to call him. As M. Claretie went on we suspect that each of the gentlemen he addressed hoped that only what he said of the others would get into the English papers. But here it is; and "we other Englishmen" congratulate them on the fame that is to be won by a trip to Paris. Only none of us will be safe from finding ourselves famous.

It is a long way from the political platform to the Sheldonian Theatre, and there are few who could so easily reach from one to the other as Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour appeared at Oxford with only a few notes in place of the carefully prepared lecture that the Romanes audience expects to receive. But there was no need for him to apologise for making a speech. From start to finish the speech was stimulating, provocative; and deeply interesting. He set out to speak of beauty, a subject in which, as he mournfully phrased it, he travelled as far as might be from his ordinary sphere of action. Yet, though Oxford is far enough from Manchester, Mr. Balfour seemed only grateful for the change of air. The rapidity of his removal had not in the least disconcerted him. For us, we are hard put to it to say which place has need of him more.

Dr. Bode still manages to look cheerful, but his case does not improve. At last the interior of the bust has actually been investigated. Waistcoat or no waistcoat, there was some sort of material inside. Whatever the antiquity of the bust, the stuffing of it is not very ancient. Moreover, the old photograph argument was, as we thought, of no great validity. It has been virtually confuted by comparing a negative of the supposed Da Vinci bust with that taken of his own by R. C. Lucas himself. One thing is certain, there will not be much glamour left about this work of art when they have done with it. How is one to admire a statue, however beautiful, that has suffered such indignities?

Windsor Castle threatened by the speculative builder is an alarming idea. Not the Castle itself literally, but a famous prospect from the river to the Curfew Tower. At present the eye travels over meadow land and rests upon a belt of trees which lie at the foot of the Castle walls, and above which rises the tower. This meadow is now being offered for sale as building land; and unless it is saved the eye will travel over such a prospect as the suburban builder loves to create. With the support of the King the National Trust is applying for funds to purchase the land. The Prince of Wales, we notice, has given £250, and we hope money will come in quickly to enable the Trust to put an end to the danger and save what is both an historic and a poetic national possession.

Any other choice for the Provostship of Eton than Dr. Warre is unthinkable. After a brief interval of absence Dr. Warre now returns to his old home, not again to leave it. One can hardly imagine a more ideal last Act of a busy and strenuous nor wholly peaceful life than the dignified leisure of the Provostship of Eton. The tie with Eton and all its associations—his life's work and its pleasure—is not severed; the only change is silk for cord. Dr. Warre has duties still—the Provost is chairman of the governing body—but they will hold him lightly, too lightly to be felt. It will be a pleasure to thousands in all parts of the British Empire to know that Dr. Warre is again at Eton.

ACT II.

WHO will not rejoice that another stage in the Budget play has been reached? One can at length begin to hope that this piece, whose endurance might become even the Japanese drama, will after all come to an end. How poignant the relief, too, that the second act consists of but one scene. Blessed contrast to the many scenes of the Commons' act—resolutions, second reading, committee, report, third reading. And for the new Act there is a new cast with many stars, and also quite a number of mutes whose names the political playgoer hardly recognises, if indeed he had ever heard them. All this gives a fillip to the Lords' performance, so that the speeches do not fall flat, jaded as the public is with the matter they discuss. It is a step nearer to the real fight. One would have done with these preliminary skirmishes and get to business. It says, indeed, very much for the Lords that after six months of the Budget in the Commons and on ten thousand platforms we can still read any of their speeches with interest. Who could say anything new about the Budget now? Could an old thought be even put in a new way? Yet the Lords' debate, so far from being followed languidly, is an amazing draw. At no time has the Budget in the Commons excited the outside public so much. It does not look at all as if the Lords were the obsolete survival, the antiquarian curiosity, the anachronism, the bore, that the champions of democracy would have us believe. It has always been a great annoyance to the demagogue orator that his audience finds a lord so interesting. He exhausts himself in demonstrating the childishness and absurdity of titles and coronets and robes, and then one of these tawdry gewgaws goes by and promptly the audience leaves him to go and admire. We do not know that the House of Lords' debate can actually add anything in the way of argument to the Budget controversy, but it will certainly serve the House of Lords as a House very well. It has shown the country, or brought home to it, if it did not realise, that the Peers are the reverse of effete, that they have men amongst them equal to any in the Commons, and amongst the speakers far fewer fools. The country will note, what it might very naturally not have imagined, that when the Lords have a chance they can get up a full-dress debate quite as well as the Commons, and carry it through with as much vigour and as much seriousness. There may be a scarcity of "incidents"; which the halfpenny paper reader may think a sad fault in the Lords, and the performance may not be kept up so long; but the general effect, we are very sure, will be a conviction that the House of Commons is in no position to dictate to the Lords, and in any struggle between the two Houses cannot afford to give the Lords any points. This debate will be distinctly useful in making the truth about the Lords as a House of Parliament better known to vast numbers naturally ignorant of anything that is not given to self-advertisement.

If our Radical prophets, who have been very busy with the burden of the House of Lords, are right, the Peers should have filed in on Monday apostrophising the throne, "*Morituri te salutamus*". For the result of the approaching contest was in any event to be the dissolution of the House of Lords. Yet we could detect nothing of the swan-song in Lord Lansdowne's finished and flawless speech. If he was marching to his doom, he was doing it with a magnificent cheerfulness. Unfortunately for Radical oratory, the House of Lords is not a body easily frightened with noise, or easily impressed with it; which partly accounts for the pitiful show Liberals make in that House. Lord Lansdowne, speaking for all the Peers who were resolved not to treat with a policy they believed to be disastrous, but forthwith leave it to the only tribunal that could finally decide, spoke from the *mens conscia recti*. Whatever be the result, he would have done the straight thing. He could go to the country with clean hands. There was a freedom, a serenity about the speakers who supported Lord Lansdowne's amendment that did not mark either of the other groups. The Government

spokesmen were all more or less oppressed—what were they among so many? And they had a text to preach from necessarily ungracious and naturally unpalatable to the congregation. Even if he is entirely right, it is not pleasant to hear a Peer in his own House arguing against the claims of his order and extolling the privileges of its rival. It savours of disloyalty. So that the Ministerialist Peers could get through only by half-apology or by brass. Earl Russell was more than brazen. In effect, he confessed himself a would-be assassin of the Lords' House.

Notwithstanding we easily allow the figures cut by Government speakers were not nearly so wondrous as the performances of the cross-bench Peers. True, the cross-bench mind is a wonderful thing. When Lord Cromer was speaking, one might have thought the "Spectator" had taken up its bed and walked into the House. It is pathetic when one who has so long been a leader of men is no longer able to lead himself. Certainly no one could follow Lord Cromer now, because he goes nowhither. Lord Lytton announced that he was going to follow Lord Cromer. He may stand still with Lord Cromer, but how is that following him? Lord Cromer on the whole objects to the Budget; he would wish it rejected, but he will not vote for Lord Lansdowne's amendment, which would result in the Budget's rejection. Why? Because he fears that the passing of the amendment would break up the Constitution, which would be a worse thing even than the Budget. Then why does he not vote against the amendment? He will not even commit himself to a choice of evils, though he has no doubt that one evil is worse than another. This is the grand result of cross-bench deliberations. In Lord Cromer such inconclusion is painful; the career of a great man of action should not lose itself in a no man's land of this sort. Over Lord Rosebery we cannot weep now. We have wept so often and so long over the inability of this most brilliant of men that we have no tears left. No one can have been surprised at his great speech in Glasgow and his speech on Wednesday leading to nothing. He gets there not quite by the same route as Lord Cromer. Lord Cromer got there in his wanderings in a maze; Lord Rosebery got there straight; thus: The Budget is as bad as can be: blue ruin to the country, the beginning of the end. The Lords are the only defence against such things as the Budget. Therefore the Lords must not defend us against the Budget for fear of incurring unpopularity and defeat in the country, and so ceasing to be effective as a defence. What is the good of a defence which must not take the risk of defending, Lord Rosebery did not explain. Put Lord Rosebery's position before any popular audience in the country and we would guarantee its contemptuous rejection, provided the meeting could be got to understand it; which is very doubtful. And how pleased the country would be if the Peers passed the Budget and told the people they had done so that they might have a taste of it and see how nasty it was and so spew it out with more vigour. Truly a bright idea to give a child poison—Lord Rosebery's description of the Budget—that it might be warned off taking poison again! And how painfully characteristic of Lord Rosebery that he should give this advice to the Unionist Peers not to reject the Budget only when it is too late! Had he made up his mind on the question a few weeks earlier, it might have sensibly modified the Lords' action. But his indecision saved us. Well, the cross-benchers must be left to their own counsels. We admire their detachment, we regard their honesty, but may we never have to depend on them in the hour of fight! For they say that in the General Election they are going to be on our side.

Very largely the debate has been a battle of experts—experts in land, in finance, in taxation, in law—and the wisdom of the pundits is, of course, very valuable. Lord Milner, for instance; ought not his experience as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue to outweigh a legion of mere politicians? But, unfortunately, there is Lord Welby on the other side. Experts and their superior knowledge can never count for what they ought, at least what on their face value they ought,

for they always cancel out. It is the same in the Chamber as in the committee-room: if there is an expert for, there is an expert against. In balance of argument the expert element comes to nothing. But it adds much to the intrinsic value of the debate.

Naturally the constitutional question, Lords and Commons, has been much more to the front in this debate than it was in the Commons. The Lord Chancellor concerned himself little with anything else. He did not, as of course nobody can, dispute the legal power of the Lords to reject any and every Bill. But custom had deprived the Lords of the right to reject a money Bill dealing with the year's supplies. Lord Lansdowne had pointed out that the famous Commons resolution expressly reserved to the Lords the right to reject a Money Bill in its entirety; and there is no qualification as to what moneys the Bill deals with. The only plausible way of putting the Ministerial case is that the Lords had waived their right by leaving it so long unexercised. This is tantamount to saying that the Lords should periodically reject a harmless Budget to preserve their power to refuse right of way to a Budget through their House. What would Radicals say if they did? If the Lords have not rejected a Budget for a hundred years, it is because there has not in a hundred years been a Budget like this one.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION.

"OF course if you want chaos you can have chaos", said Lord Lansdowne, and the proposition looks indisputable, but is not really so. For with the worst will in the world, that is to say, crediting the Government with the utmost degree of malice and unscrupulousness, we really do not see how Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill can educe chaos from the present financial position. The total loss of revenue produced by the rejection of the Budget is £56,700,000; that being the amount of the income tax and tea duty, grounded on financial resolutions, the amount of extra taxes or duties imposed by the clauses of the Finance Bill, and £3,500,000 from the Sinking Fund. This amount is made up as follows: Income tax, £37,100,000; tea duty (which begins on 1 July), £4,500,000; Customs (petrol, spirit and tobacco), £2,640,000; Excise (spirit, licences and motor cars), £2,760,000; estate duties, £4,150,000; stamps, £900,000; land-value duties, £600,000. As it is certain that the land-value duties cannot bring in a penny piece to the Exchequer this year, we may strike off the £600,000, thus getting a sum of £56,100,000 as the loss to the end of the year, i.e. 31 March 1910, involved in the rejection of the Finance Bill. But of this sum there was already received by the Exchequer on 13 November 1909, from income tax £5,894,000, from tea £2,500,000; and, taking two-thirds of the remaining extra taxes, Customs, Excise, and estate duties (the stamp duties are not leviable until the Budget is passed) at £6,366,000, making a total of £14,760,000 already paid in. Subtract £14,760,000 from £56,100,000 and you get £41,340,000 as the total shortage up to the last day of March 1910. But it will only be necessary to provide revenue for half that period, the two months up to the end of January, when the General Election will be over. The half of £41,340,000 is £20,670,000, which is the total amount the Government will be called upon to borrow in the event of their taking the reckless and unscrupulous course of refusing to bring in a Bill for the levying of income tax and tea duty. For that is the obvious thing to do, the thing that would be done by statesmen who had any sense of responsibility and who were not intoxicated with the fury of the baffled demagogue. The tea duty is unchanged, and about the increase of income tax there would be no haggling. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour have both pledged themselves to lend their assistance to pass any measure that may be necessary for carrying on the King's Government. The income tax and tea duty, from which there are, in round figures, about £34,000,000 still to come in, would be ample to

provide for the requirements of Government up to the end of the year. And unless Ministers are really bent on making party capital out of the situation, a short Act for levying income tax and tea duty would settle the whole matter in a few days.

But we are afraid, from what Lord Pentland said, that the Government will not adopt this course—we say afraid, because of the demoralisation of public life which is thereby indicated. We are not afraid of the view which the country will take of such conduct. In his speech on Tuesday Lord Pentland said: "The noble Marquis" (Lord Lansdowne) "seemed to think that some Budget might be patched up, some temporary accommodation provided, and to indicate that there the trouble and difficulty would end. If the step proposed were taken it was an irrevocable step; things could never be again what they once were" (which is true of more things than the Budget). "They might have financial chaos, they would certainly have constitutional chaos. . . . If they took that step they brought matters to a deadlock, from which there was no escape but by some revolutionary change." The language is not quite clear, and Lord Pentland is not an important member of the Government, and it may well be that he was speaking, as the Americans say, "with his mouth". But the "Westminster Gazette" of the 24th inst., commenting on the above speech, writes: "The opening sentences here may be interpreted as a plain declaration that the Government will do nothing to relieve the situation created by the Peers. There will be no negotiations, no suggestion of compromise. The inevitable corollary is that not only will the whole of the new taxes drop absolutely, but that the collection of the income tax and the tea duties, which depends on resolutions of the House of Commons, will cease with the dissolution, and for the time there will be no power to enforce these imposts." The Government will do nothing to relieve the situation—it is almost inconceivable that a Cabinet Minister and a respectable newspaper should approve such a policy. And yet it is more than possible, it is probable, that such will be the policy of his Majesty's Government. The Cabinet is ruled by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, and we know what we may expect of them. The Prime Minister smiles with post-prandial benevolence upon his brace of demagogues. Mr. Haldane buckles on his armour, not without difficulty, and pants after the brace of demagogues. The Lord Chancellor, to whom the brace of demagogues cannot but be very distasteful, is cordially disliked by them and suspected of being a Whig. Lords Wolverhampton and Morley are ciphers, and Sir Edward Grey is one of those dangerous impostors who talk moderately and vote the party ticket. No; the supreme power in the State is in the hands of the brace of demagogues whom Mr. John Burns regards with "pale-eyed envy". What will Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill say and do? They will strike a dramatic pose and say "We will not bring in a Bill, because that involves asking the consent of the Lords, and we will ask nothing from the Lords. Chaos? Exactly, but we want chaos! Chaos is the element in which we move and breathe and have our being. As the tree falls, so let it lie!" The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade may be trusted to do all they know to produce chaos; but they will not succeed, because we are a nation of business men and do not lose our heads.

A sum of £20,670,000 may have to be provided for two months. The Government have power, by the Appropriation Act and other Acts, to borrow as much as £76,000,000 without coming to Parliament, and they may do so by issuing Treasury bills or Exchequer bills or by a loan from the Bank of England. As a matter of fact they need only borrow a small sum. There are in the Bank at the disposal of the Government some £6,000,000 of Exchequer balances, and there are £8,000,000 from the New Sinking Fund, being the surplus of last year's permanent charge for the Debt, less the interest and cost of management. These moneys (£14,000,000) could with perfect propriety be used by the Government for the temporary purpose of tiding over the General Election, leaving only the trifling

sum of £6,670,000 to be obtained by Exchequer or Treasury bills. Such issues are constantly being made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and if the above plan were adopted there would not be a ripple in the money market or the Stock Exchange. In addition to the Exchequer balances and Sinking Fund, there are, we believe, some £10,000,000, called "appropriations in aid", in the hands of the departments which might be lent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. So that if there is any heroic borrowing of any sum approaching £20,000,000, let the public know that the heroism is mere childish petulance and play-acting, for which there is no necessity whatever, and which is merely part of the design to abolish the House of Lords and destroy the Conservative party.

SAN SEBASTIAN, MONTE CARLO AND M. MARQUET.

IT gives us no particular pleasure to recur to the subject of gambling in European countries; pharisaical comments on the failings of friendly neighbours being as much to our own distaste as to that of any other person who recalls uncomfortably the comments which follow references to the mores in his neighbour's eye. Yet it was not, we confess, without some private amusement that we heard of the wrath and amazement caused by our comments on Ostend last July, and of the indignant consultations in various circles as to whether the SATURDAY REVIEW could be prosecuted for its free criticism of the two worthy gentlemen who were "exploiting" the gambling there. Great, however, as must be our trepidation on hearing that M. Marquet and his friend and colleague, the King of the Belgians, disapproved of an article in this REVIEW, and actually consulted mighty international jurists as to what steps could be taken to annihilate us, we have overcome our alarm sufficiently to return to the subject. There are, in point of fact, two questions connected with gambling which seem to call immediately for a little outspoken criticism.

The first of these we approach with real regret, and a most whole-hearted hope that our information may be incorrect. The statement that a syndicate of financiers has obtained from the Spanish Government a concession to erect a large gambling establishment at San Sebastian is made definitely, however, by the "Pester Lloyd", which has a reputation for accuracy of which it is justly proud; moreover, the announcement merely intimates the conclusion of negotiations which have been going on to our knowledge for four years, and were very nearly brought to a successful conclusion (with certain discreditable English help) in the spring of 1906. The matter is now said to be settled; the syndicate is to pay a rent of £400,000 for its privileges; a considerable percentage of the profits will be paid to the Spanish exchequer; roulette and trente-et-quarante will be the principal games; and, in view of the opening of the casino in 1911, several hotel companies are paying large prices for the neighbouring land.

King Alfonso has shown himself to be so English in his social and political habits that this news will come with a most unpleasing shock to many English folk. Strictly speaking, the building of a large gambling-hell at San Sebastian, though it may vex English visitors to Biarritz and Pau, is no more concern of ours than the execution of Senhor Ferrer; and if the Spanish Treasury likes to recruit its finances by such methods that is entirely its affair. The scheme, however, shows a retrograde movement on the part of the Spanish Government and its head which we cannot help regretting. Nations and kings who are pushing their way to the front of civilisation, where voices count for something in the general morality and decency of the world, do not grant concessions like this San Sebastian affair. A hundred little blots of hypocrisy and gambling mar the philanthropy and morality of every country; this nation looks the other way elaborately while betting folk carry on their trade, the other carefully ignores lotteries or suchlike matters; but when you build a

replica of Monte Carlo in your country your position in the comity of nations has sunk at once to the level of Belgium or of the Principality of Monaco.

This brings us to the second point we mentioned. The announcement has been widely made, as if it were a statement of some financial or social importance, that M. Marquet, of Ostend fame, has been appointed to a prominent position on the board of control of the casino at Monte Carlo. We are not at all inclined to decry the importance of the statement. Monte Carlo is not a place with which a profoundly moral person goes out of his way to profess sympathy. Of course if gambling is a necessity of human life, "on ne demande pas mieux"; Monte Carlo is a model of State-regulated vice, and that is the first and last word to be said about it. But its authorities have made a very great mistake if, in some momentary dissatisfaction with their dividends or in some slight irritation at the reproaches levelled at them by certain visitors, they have decided to offer a share in their finances and management to all the scum of Europe which proposes to ask for it. In the most friendly and kindly fashion we recommend them to advise M. Marquet to go back to Ostend and stay there; while, if they have already, as commonly reported, given him a prominent place on their board of control, we would venture to suggest to them that there is hardly any sum of money which it would not be worth their while to pay to induce him to resign it. It is merely a choice between his departure and the departure of numerous English visitors; with a further ultimate contingency which it is worth the while of the Principality to consider. The fits of hysteria which seize upon France are not always confined to the Paris police courts, nor are they always undesirable nor evanescent. If it occurred to the French nation one day that the Casino of Monte Carlo was a serious blot on French morals, and that the French Riviera would be "rounded off" in desirably symmetrical fashion by the annexation of the Principality of Monaco, the French nation would annex that Principality; and no nation in Europe would trouble itself to go beyond the mildest diplomatic remonstrance.

Such an accident might happen, we can assure the Prince of Monaco, even if he were on his best behaviour; and if his Government offer any share of their business to persons like M. Marquet the French Government will not only be allowed but urged to number Monte Carlo among the things of the past, not only during some future hysterical crisis, but immediately. We really take no credit for having prophesied what would happen at Ostend under M. Marquet's rule this summer. We suggested that a considerable number of the most reputable English visitors would stay away, and they did stay away. We hinted that the gambling would be found less honest than might be desirable, and numerous English visitors left the gambling-rooms after three or four nights' experience. We volunteered the news that a subsidiary gambling-room would be opened at the chief hotel of the place, hinting in addition our belief that two such very astute financiers as M. Marquet and the King of the Belgians would not allow these profits to be diverted from the public rooms without compensation; and the subsidiary room was, in fact, opened. We cannot state whether the compensation in question was paid, but, having a sincere belief in those financial powers of King Leopold and his friend which are known by the vulgar English word of "blackmail", we judge it to be probable. We volunteer now to the authorities of Monte Carlo prophecies similar in every detail to the above, and suggest that the consequences to them will be extremely tiresome. In Ostend M. Marquet soothes all susceptibilities by promising annually to go to prison and to close his gambling-rooms. In Monte Carlo his adventures will be a social and diplomatic nuisance to everybody concerned, and the authorities will, we think, be well advised if they invite him to transfer them elsewhere. Unless they get rid of M. Marquet they may find that in the end their own positions may be in peril.

THE DEFENCE CONFERENCE.

THE report of the Conference on Imperial Defence has just been issued. The idea of convening it arose out of a resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1907, but the proximate cause of its being summoned was the offer of naval aid to the Imperial Government by several of the self-governing colonies when the problem was being discussed last spring. Very properly the scope of the delegates' work was not confined to naval details. In the defence problem military and naval affairs go together; so that both the Admiralty and the War Office laid elaborate memoranda before the Conference. The two cases, however, are not quite parallel. The naval conditions must vary with geographical situation, while the military problem remains identical for all the great self-governing Dominions. There were separate meetings therefore. As to military affairs, a definite policy was agreed to by the delegates, and although "all resolutions come to and proposals approved by the Conference"—we quote from the Prime Minister's statement in the House of Commons on 26 August—must be considered as "ad referendum and of no binding force unless and until submitted to their various Parliaments", we can already form some opinion on the military issue. "Proposals for so organising the military forces of the Empire as to ensure their effective co-operation in the event of war" were discussed at a general meeting of the Conference. The subject, however, appeared to be one which could more suitably be considered by a sub-committee of experts. Accordingly, a sub-committee, under the chairmanship of Sir William Nicholson, the Chief of the General Staff, was assembled. Their report was afterwards approved by the Conference as a whole. We are, therefore, entitled to take it as authoritative.

The War Office memorandum laid down these principles for the consideration of the sub-committee: That, without superiority at sea, the Empire cannot be maintained; that it is the duty of self-governing colonies to provide, as far as possible, for their own territorial security, and that a definite scheme of mutual assistance should be prepared. It is interesting now to consider how far the mother country and the colonies have fulfilled their obligations. The War Office claims that these obligations have been met on our part by the maintenance of a navy which is designed to keep command of the sea, by the provision of a territorial force for home defence, and by the creation of an expeditionary force ready to proceed to any threatened part of the Empire. As regards the first contention it is enough to say that, whereas only a year ago the admitted need of the Empire was the maintenance of a two-Power standard, the plan now is just to keep ahead of the strength of one other Power. As to the Territorial Army, we need scarcely say that, in the opinion of almost every independent expert, that force is not, and as now organised and trained can never hope to be, competent to tackle the highly disciplined troops it would have to meet in the case of an invasion. Yet this is the one thing it claims to be able to do. Grave doubts also exist as to the real efficiency for war of Mr. Haldane's much-vaunted expeditionary force. Of course, we had an expeditionary force before Mr. Haldane, and a larger proportion of regular troops to endure it with life. Now we know that it is to be composed largely of special reservists or militia, its increased value under the change of name is very much open to question. The memorandum, however, assumes that this new force, some twenty thousand less than the old militia—at any rate in infantry and artillery—will be an enormous increase to our strength. Indeed, so inflated is the War Office with the supposed success of the change that it claims that this, with some other changes in the Volunteers, fulfils the well-known saying of the War Commission that "no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limits of the regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be". This is mere nonsense. The War Commission had obviously in their minds something far more drastic than a mere

change of name and alteration in terms of service of one or even two portions of the auxiliary forces. They probably contemplated what the Norfolk Commission a few months later actually recommended—a measure of compulsion. How, then, can we take Sir William Nicholson's memorandum seriously? Did the colonial delegates themselves take it seriously? And will the colonies be encouraged to fresh efforts thereby? Moreover, we know well that nothing so far has really been accomplished towards ensuring that on mobilisation we shall have an adequate supply of horses. Our peace establishment of horses is only a third of our war requirements, and even if this can be made good on mobilisation in a hurry—which is questionable—the wastage inseparable from six months' warfare would place us in an extremely difficult position. So much for the way the mother country has interpreted her duties.

The colonies as yet have certainly not done much. But they have come to some conclusions on the subject, though whether even these, when they become known, will be very welcome is open to question. The colonies are painfully jealous of any interference in their military as in their other affairs. Their representatives, however, have agreed that every part of the Empire is willing to "make its preparations on such lines as will enable it, should it so desire, to take its share in the general defence of the Empire". Moreover, they have recommended that, without impairing the complete control of the Government of each Dominion "over the military forces raised within it, their forces, the formation of their units, and their transport arrangements should be standardised; and that colonial patterns of arms, equipment, and stores should, as far as possible, follow the imperial pattern." They also make some recommendations towards a unification of the Imperial General Staff throughout the Empire, all of whom should, nevertheless, remain responsible to and "under the control of their own Governments". They also favour the creation of local staff colleges. These recommendations are, no doubt, good as far as they go. In view of the co-operation of the imperial and colonial forces in a big campaign it is most desirable that their organisation and departmental services should be standardised. So too is it desirable that there should be a free interchange of Staff officers. It will necessarily broaden the minds and the standpoints both of imperial and colonial Staff officers to gain experience otherwise denied to them. But there is no cause for enthusiasm. It will be long before Staff officers trained at local institutions will be of any real use, because the local staff colleges will not have at their service the means of instruction open to the home colleges or to the Indian. On this part of the programme, therefore, we are not enthusiastic.

A general examination of this report leads to wider considerations, not entirely military. It is to be noted that the colonial delegates are careful to make some reservations. Thus as to taking their share in the general defence of the Empire, we find such remarks as "should it so desire" and "under the control of their own Governments". The pertinent question arises, "Can a real imperial army be created under such conditions? Further, can the word 'Empire' be used intelligibly of such a loose collection of units as composes the British Empire"? It is true that other empires are composed of States which possess a certain autonomy, except as regards foreign affairs. But, unlike our case, there is always one supreme military control; and without that the word "empire" becomes unmeaning. Take Germany. Saxony has its King and its own system, and other German States also have their Sovereigns, though not all of regal rank, their Parliaments and their local institutions. But the German Emperor is Commander-in-Chief of all their armies, and they work, in military matters, as one whole. That, therefore, is an empire. But is there a British Empire? An empire based upon reservations regarding the disposition of its military forces is something of a contradiction in terms.

CRITICISM AND FAITH IN ÆSTHETICS.

THE ways of clear thinking lead straight into the valley of mysticism. The old conviction again reaches home as Mr. Balfour speaks to us from Oxford. The man who believes greatly in human reason is the man who has seldom followed any train of thought very far. The paths of reason are many and small; and they are all lost in the wide land where the Pillar of Cloud and the Pillar of Fire are the only guides. We can imagine that there are not a few critics to-day who will feel a little unsettled by what Mr. Balfour said at Oxford on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Balfour has been down many of these ways that lose themselves where dogmatism ends and faith begins. Now it is the path of æsthetic criticism that he follows. For ages men have thrown a great deal of intellectual energy into the criticism of art and literature. Yet the total achievement has not been great. All the rules, from those of Aristotle onwards, have broken down. The men who framed the rules were often the men who disregarded them. The failure to get any satisfying æsthetic rule is revealed by the attempts that have been made to graft æsthetics on to morality, philosophy, or religion. Yet the fact remains that Milton never wrote worse than when he was justifying the ways of God to man, and that Ruskin, in spite of his ideas about art and morality, broke through his own principles repeatedly, because he was too good an æsthetic to trust to the application of his own formula. Not only are there no discoverable laws by which beauty may be enmeshed; but the transitory rules framed from age to age are from age to age mutually hostile. In the same age they are hostile from man to man, and in the same man they are hostile from the man in his nonage to the man who has educated his sensibility. The Greeks derived æsthetic delight from barbarous music. Mr. Balfour derived æsthetic delight from bad story-books in his Eton days. What is here the lesson to be drawn? It is just this—that the laws of criticism have been mostly impertinent; and that, since good and bad art (as in our impertinence we term it) may each raise in men's minds the same pure æsthetic emotion, therefore there is "no philosophical or logical method of attaching æsthetic emotion to the moving wheels of the great system of which we form a part". In fact, high æsthetic emotion takes its place beside high moral feeling, and is not to be assayed by the coarse tests of human logic.

Such was the general trend of Mr. Balfour's thought. One of the first questions that it occurs to ask is this—What reference has a destructive argument of this kind to practical criticism? Must the critic throw away the standards by which he praises or dispraises, and lay down the pen in despair? Oh no, nothing of the sort. There is here an analogy to the position arrived at in the old controversy of necessity as against free will. Even if a man believe in necessity as a philosopher, yet, as a man, he must act as if his will were free. So here, even if the critic agree with Mr. Balfour that æsthetic standards have varied, that the same pure æsthetic delight may be produced in the human mind by the beating of the tom-tom as by a performance of Beethoven's Trio in B flat, yet he must believe in the culture of his generation and continue to hold the scales as before between Beethoven and the smaller musical fry. He must not pause to consider what happens in that region beyond thought where his standards will be found to waver like a rushlight. He stands in his place, the product of his age, to voice the æsthetic needs and opinions of his age. His judgment must be almost reflex, something involuntary. The good critic feels first, and justifies his feeling afterwards. He may justify it stupidly, as did Ruskin and Wordsworth and Aristotle. That hardly matters. The thing that does matter is that he should react spontaneously and truly, on behalf of his generation, to the developments in art and literature of his day. He will say to Mr. Balfour: You may be right in everything you say; it may be that the laws of beauty lie beyond us, and that all our varying standards are of no value

at all; yet I stand here on behalf of the trained sensibility of my day and generation, and here I shall continue to stand in spite of you. Nor do we think that Mr. Balfour would reprove him.

Mr. Balfour's main contention that the laws of absolute beauty lie beyond us is profoundly true. But we do not reach that conclusion quite by the same ways. He seems to have been driven by his distrust of historical standards to flee to mysticism as a refuge. We would rather regard historical standards as pointing the way to the absolute beauty that lies behind the veil. Our own standards of beauty are as shadows cast by a sun that shines upon shapes of beauty in another world. Mr. Balfour's distrust, as he expressed it on Wednesday, seemed to us to be too deeply rooted. Take the example he himself gave. He confessed to having, as a boy, read worthless tales with lofty pleasure. Then, as discrimination grew, this pleasure was no longer his in so undiluted a form. Mr. Balfour infers from this that as his discrimination grew his sensibility waned; and the proposition emerges that as our so-called taste improves, the quality of our æsthetic emotion deteriorates. Surely this is truth upside down. Is the quality or quantity of æsthetic emotion higher when a mind reacts violently to a coarse stimulus than when it reacts less violently to the striking of a finer note in a manner that exalts and abides and ramifies? Apparently Mr. Balfour would answer yes. He was nearer to pure æsthetic emotion before discrimination had taken the edge from his young hunger for the beautiful. Apply this principle to the race. From the tom-tom to Beethoven is æsthetic degeneration! The great masters who handed on the sonata or the sonnet from age to age were obeying no high æsthetic law that prompted this new civilisation of ours to cultivate and refine upon its emotions in that process of getting nearer to nature in the Aristotelian sense which is self-discovery and self-fulfilment.

Yet the fundamental truth remains. The great evolutionary processes, by which æsthetic emotion and moral feeling are sifted and refined in process of time, lie outside the narrow formulæ that are applied by the critics of any one period. The real value of the work of a great critic lies, not so much in the touchstones he applies, as in the manifestation he makes in the course of his criticism of that *Zeitgeist* which he is there to embody. The best critic is not the man who invents a formula; but the man who, by exercising a trained judgment independently and honestly whenever that judgment is invoked, helps to pile up unconsciously a mass of opinion that is, as it were, the voice of a century passing judgment upon itself.

The lecture was not without its lighter passages. Mr. Balfour is never portentous, though portentousness is not unknown in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. The hundred best books, the possible hundred best pictures, the possible dozen best philosophies were treated to some well-merited and well-phrased banter. Mr. Balfour had a congenial task in exposing the hypocrisy and æsthetic snobbery which account for so much of the apparent unanimity in matters of taste. Another portion of his lecture—that in which he contended that the æsthetic enjoyment of a trained critic has in it an alloy of sympathy with the artist in his struggle with his materials—was also admirably expressed. On that text alone it would be possible to raise many interesting questions. The delight in technique is something peculiarly satisfying and peculiarly apart from æsthetic emotion. In fact, æsthetic emotion presupposes that the other is for the moment in abeyance.

THE CITY.

THE City is waiting upon the decision of the Government in regard to the financing of the year's deficit when the Budget is rejected by the House of Lords. Apparently no one outside the Cabinet is aware of the action to be taken, and the various suggestions made are more bewildering than helpful. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the Bank of

England directors on Thursday refused to lower their discount rate. The position as disclosed in the weekly return would have justified such a movement, but with the prospect of a definite course of action being outlined by the Government before the next meeting of the Bank Court the directors may be excused for taking advantage of the interregnum for further consideration of their action. In the interests of trade, however, they cannot postpone a reduction over Thursday next; and if there is to be borrowing by the Government, in whatever form, a lower rate than 5 per cent. would materially assist the operation. Meantime the Stock Markets remain in a very uncertain condition, the movements of one day being counteracted by those of another. Not for more than twenty-four hours is there any pronounced tendency, and always there is a feeling of nervousness amongst dealers lest they are doing wrong. Each recurring settlement arouses apprehension, and while the open defaults are few, it is well known that a good deal of financial weakness exists, and that monetary assistance has frequently to be given both to jobbers and brokers. In the case of brokers their troubles generally arise from defaulting clients, of which there have been more than the usual number during the past few months.

Home railway traffic continues to expand, but not with any corresponding effect upon prices. As Lord Revelstoke stated in the House of Lords on Monday, investors want "something foreign" nowadays, and whatever the reason for their choice it is undoubtedly a fact that Home Railway stocks have no attraction when set side by side with foreign railway securities. There is always a large business doing in the latter, with a freedom in dealings that probably no other market enjoys at the moment. Argentine issues have been especially firm this week, with Central Argentine up to par and Buenos Ayres and Pacific three points higher than when we last wrote. And while home and colonial Government securities have been languishing there has been a steady stream of investment in foreign Government bonds. A notable feature has been the demand for Russian bonds, which is not all on French account. Investors apparently recognise the improvement in the economic and social condition of Russia, and are probably drawing comparisons between that country and our own—very much to the detriment of England. The upheaval here is almost as great; but whereas the revolution that is now going on in Russia is all for the good of the country, here the reverse is the case. Russia will probably have millions of English money poured into it in the next few years, the Government there having abandoned its policy of *laissez faire*, and welcoming foreign capitalists who wish to assist in the industrial development of the country.

A good deal of apprehension has been aroused amongst shareholders of South African mines by a proposal made in Johannesburg that the monthly statements of output and labour be abandoned. Messrs. Wernher, Beit apparently agree with it; but there is an almost general consensus of opinion amongst the other groups that the existing practice should be continued. The suggestion that there would be a saving in expense if the proposal were adopted is probably true, but it is not a good and sufficient reason for putting it into practice. We all know that the monthly figures do not accurately represent the work done in the particular period to which they refer, but they are nevertheless extremely useful, and any attempt to suppress them would certainly be construed as an endeavour to place the ordinary shareholder at a disadvantage as compared with the controlling houses. The market is more reassured now, but we have probably not yet heard the last of the proposal. Kaffirs this week have moved very irregularly, but at the time of writing are showing a fair amount of strength. It would be unwise, however, to anticipate any pronounced revival just yet, as there is still a good deal of stock being carried for stale "bills", and every substantial rise in prices must bring in sellers.

The decision of the United States Courts against the legality of the Standard Oil Trust is a blow to the

Trust mania in that country; but it has not checked the negotiations for the proposed copper combination, and Wall Street is still hopeful of a successful issue. There will, of course, be an appeal against the Standard Oil judgment; and as this is likely to engage the attention of the Courts for another twelve months, ample time exists for speculation before the matter is definitely settled. Wall Street has been well sustained through a trying ordeal, and has probably forgotten by now that there is a Legislature seeking to wrest from unscrupulous millionaires the power to monopolise industries to the detriment of the public weal.

INSURANCE: POLICIES AT HIGH PREMIUMS.

VI.

LIMITED-PAYMENT life policies are the connecting link between endowment assurance on the one hand and whole-life assurance on the other. They resemble whole-life policies inasmuch as the sum assured is payable only at death whenever it occurs, and in common with endowment assurances the number of premiums to be paid is limited. The result is that they supply a larger amount of protection than endowment assurances and a larger proportion of the investment element than whole-life policies. Frequently they are the happy mean.

We have already mentioned that in proportion to the premiums paid the surrender values of limited-payment policies are larger than those of whole-life assurance: we have also said that even whole-life policies, when taken from a company that gives liberal surrender values, can be given up for a cash payment at the age of, say, sixty or sixty-five, thus converting them into endowment assurances. The result of doing this is less good at the time of surrender than if endowment assurance had been taken at the same cost, but this course is better than endowment assurance in that a larger amount of protection in the event of premature death has been provided at an equal outlay.

Limited-payment life policies can be converted into the equivalent of endowment assurance, by being surrendered for a cash payment, on better terms than whole-life policies can be given up; at the expense, however, of providing rather less insurance protection in the meantime. These features are simply illustrated in the case of a special without-profit policy issued by the Norwich Union Life Office. A man of forty can pay £42 2s. 10d. a year for twenty years at the most; if he dies before reaching the age of sixty the sum of £1000 will be paid to his estate. This is, for practical purposes, a twenty-payment life policy. On reaching the age of sixty he can, if he chooses, draw £913 in cash. Had he paid £42 2s. 10d. a year for endowment assurance, payable at the end of twenty years, the policy would have secured £921 at death before sixty, instead of £1000; and £921 at the end of the term, instead of £913. The limited-payment life policy gives £79 extra protection during twenty years, and £8 less as endowment at the end of the time. The proportions between protection and endowment vary according to age and term, and under with-profit policies bonuses introduce other differences. This particular Norwich Union policy gives a large number of options on reaching the age of sixty; for example, a man commencing at forty can at the age of sixty draw £315 in cash, in addition to a paid-up policy assuring the sum of £1000 at his death whenever it happens. If at that time he does not want to draw any cash, he can secure a paid-up policy for £1495 payable at death. To secure a policy for a larger sum than £1000 he must furnish evidence of good health; but as the cash amount of £315 which he could take is really used as a single payment to secure an additional £495 at death, the state of his health at age sixty need not, perhaps, be absolutely first class. If his health is really good, and insurance protection for his family is then found to be the essential thing for him to provide, he can continue paying premiums at the old rate of £42 2s. 10d. a year, and secure a policy for £2130 payable at his death whenever it happens. This policy illustrates in happy fashion

the way in which limited-payment life assurance can be adjusted to meet a number of different circumstances. At the time of effecting the assurance a man may not be able to tell with certainty what his requirements will be twenty years later: he may want money for himself, or he may still require a large amount of protection for his family in the event of his death. There is a greater flexibility of adjustment about limited-payment life policies than attaches to either whole-life or endowment assurance; consequently it is by no means a bad rule, when a man is in doubt as to what kind of policy it is best to take, for him to decide upon life assurance subject to the payment of premiums for a limited number of years only.

THE VOICE OF MARINETTI.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

IF you hear a voice from afar, do not take the message seriously. Wisdom is a thing that can be expressed only in an under-tone. Life—even such part of it as our limited human brains can conceive—is a very weird, august, complex, and elusive affair. To have any positive theory of it, any single dogmatic point of view, any coherent "message", is an act of impertinence. To be an optimist or a pessimist, a realist or an idealist, a Thingumyite or a Somebodyan, to belong to any "school of thought" whatsoever, is to write oneself down an ass—for anyone who can read. The true sage, he who penetrates the furthest, and raises the most of the fringe that surrounds the darkness, dares but offer us guesses, to be taken or left; dares not enunciate any "truth" without a hundred-and-one reservations and qualifications. It is the awe-struck whisper, then, the tremulous murmur; not the cheery or angry megaphonic shout or screech that "carries" across frontiers. He may be heard by a few in his own land. He most assuredly will not have a European reputation. That sort of thing is reserved for inspired asses like Tolstoi or Nietzsche—for men who have gone off at a tangent, men precipitated along one sharp narrow line which they mistake for the whole dim universe. It is natural that they, in their joy or their wrath, should shout or screech very resonantly; and let us not grudge them their lungs; and let us, by all means, listen to them: they are great fun. Take them seriously?—ah no! If they happen to be artists, expressing themselves through some art-form, through poems or plays or novels, let us delight in their concentration, the narrowness that enables them to express just what they can feel, just what they can understand, so much more forcibly than if they had a sense of proportion and a little of the modesty that comes of wisdom. Our Ibsens and D'Annunzios and Bernard Shaws and Gorkys—let us harken to them and revel in them. But let us mix up all their "messages" together, and strike an average, and not suppose even then that we are appreciably one whit nearer to the truth of things.

The very latest thing in "carrying" voices is the voice of Signor Marinetti. Up through the Italian peninsula, from peak to peak of the Swiss mountains, this voice has reverberated into Paris; and all the eminent Parisian poets and thinkers have been saying what they think of it; and many of them think quite highly of it. So much I judge from a copy of a magazine, "Poesia", that has been sent to me. Doubtless it has been sent to many other people. I feel that the voice of Marinetti is already well on its way to John o' Groat's House. Its message, that it may the quicker fly, has been translated, by someone on the staff of "Poesia", into English. Marinetti is a poet, and has founded a thing called Futurism. He tells us that he is not yet thirty, and that none of the poets whom he has gathered round him is yet thirty; and it does not appear that he and they have done much in the poetic line so far; but all sorts of terrible things are just going to be done by them. The fat boy in "Pickwick" wished to make creep the flesh of one old lady. Marinetti, standing, as he tells us, "erect on the pinnacle of the world", with his disciples, wishes to make the flesh of all the human race

creep. "We wish", he thunders, "to exalt the aggressive movement, the feverish insomnia, running, the perilous leap, the cuff and the blow". War, he declares, is "the only true hygiene of the world": he is going to "glorify militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchist, the beautiful Ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman". Also, he and his friends are going to destroy museums and libraries. "A race-automobile adorned with great pipes like serpents with explosive breath—a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder—is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*." Do you not think so? You had better. "Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the Absolute for we have already created the omnipresent eternal Speed." And one wouldn't like to be left behind. And oh, the Absolute is *such* a nice place to live in! "Therefore welcome the incendiaries with carbon fingers! Here they are! Here! Away and set fire to the book-shelves! Turn the canals and flood the vaults of the museums! Sap the foundations of the venerable towns!" The statues of Victor Emmanuel are better than anything Verrocchio could have turned out. Down with Dante! Up with Marinetti! His triumph, though, will be short-lived. Not that Dante will be re-instated in popular favour—oh no! But so soon as Marinetti and his troupe have reached the age of forty "other younger and more daring men will throw us into the waste-paper basket like useless manuscripts!" The scene will be rather an odd one; for the younger men will come "leaping on the cadence of their first poems", and will be "clawing the air with crooked fingers", and also "scenting at the academy gates the good smell of our decaying minds". Finally they will run Marinetti and his friends to earth "in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled round our trepidating aeroplanes;" and "they will rush to kill us;" and "powerful and healthsome Injustice will burst radiantly in their eyes." I hope I shall be spared to see something of all this.

I should like, meanwhile, to see Marinetti. I should not be surprised to find in him a physical as well as a spiritual resemblance to the fat boy in "Pickwick". The people whose fancy delights in "Speed", and "the destructive gesture of anarchist", and all that sort of thing, are usually people of sedentary habit, loth to raise a little finger on their own account. To profess, as does Marinetti, admiration of "violence, cruelty, and injustice" is not characteristic of a violent, cruel, or unjust man. Such a man is apt to be rather ashamed of these things. It is only the very mild person to whom they are a lovely obsession. When I hear a man expressing "scorn of woman" I suspect he is a sentimentalist whom women don't happen to like. So, with the best will in the world, I fail to be frightened by Marinetti and his doctrines. When he glorifies "the beautiful Ideas that kill", I ask what are they?—knowing very well he couldn't tell me. When he says that "Art can only be violence, cruelty, and injustice," I murmur, with a smile, that those are three of the few things that art just *can't* be. When he asks why we "poison ourselves" by "a daily walk through the museums", I assure him that his metaphor has no relation to fact. There are a few pedants who walk daily in museums; but even they don't poison themselves; on the contrary, they find there the food that best agrees with them. There is the vast mass of humanity which never sets foot in a museum. There are the artists who go now and again, and profit by the inspiration. It must be a very feeble talent that dares not, for fear of being overwhelmed and atrophied, contemplate the achievements of the past. No talent, however strong, can dispense with that inspiration. But how on earth is anyone going to draw any inspiration from the Future? Let us spell it with a capital letter, by all means. But don't let us expect it to give us anything in return. It can't, poor thing; for the very good reason that it doesn't yet exist, save as a dry abstract term.

The past and the present—there are two useful and delightful things. I am sorry, Marinetti, but I am

afraid there is no future for the Future. Perhaps you don't really mind. "We already live in the Absolute" because certain motor-cars can be driven at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. What more can one want? You yourself, Marinetti, have the added gratification that your voice has crossed Europe. And this feat you would not have achieved if you had been the sort of person who talks good sense.

BREAD AND TREACLE.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

IT has been said that the man in the most helpless position of all is he with ten children to feed, clothe and educate as ladies and gentlemen and a thousand a year to do it on. The husband of the Lady Susan answered to this description. He had not only the children—he had the park, gardens, glasshouses, stables and mansion house (whose roof wanted thousands spent on it) of Elvers Place to keep up into the bargain. How was it done? It might easily be shown on paper—Free Trader and Protectionist could both show it—that it could not be done; yet there is the fact that Lady Susan did it for years, her husband looking on helplessly. The Rev. Stiffbristle was an angry witness to the doing of it; a sarcastic witness to the looking on helplessly; angry and sarcastic because the Lady Susan not only ran the children, the stables, her husband, the garden, the park and the mansion house and its terrible roof, but never left off trying to run as well the village of Elvers Green, including its vicar. Camps and barrows dotted about the countryside show that at some time or other hundreds of now obscure English villages have been the scenes of fierce battle. But that long and passionate fight at Elvers Green no barrow or fosse commemorates. Greenworthy the local historian will overlook it, the Field Club will picnic on the battlefield and yet know nothing about it. Elvers Place is let to strangers, the eldest son is abroad, all the other sons and daughters—the daughters growing, alas! rather scraggy—are scattered far and wide, and the Lady Susan and her husband helpless on a thousand a year are no more. Stiffbristle's name is on the chancel wall. The brass gives the usual satisfactory dates as to when he entered and when departed this life, and how long he was vicar of this parish. It tells no more. He, like the vast majority of men and women, small and great souled, dull and entertaining, is one of the suppressed characters of history. Yet, could one but draw it all in fine detail, what an extremely interesting and moving story that would be of his struggle with the great lady of Elvers Green; the bitterness—sometimes the gnashing bitterness—of defeat, the glow of victory; the forced, polite words before strangers for appearance' sake, and just beneath them often the fires of righteous anger. "That Woman!" "That Man Stiffbristle!" "Impertinent!" "How dare she?" "Our Living, too!" "In my churchyard!"

For a few months after the Lady Susan had given him the living—£100 a year gross, the ten-acre glebe and the vicarage—Stiffbristle was high in favour. He was asked to dinner to meet the Dowager Lady de Vault and Lady Eastcheap. The Lady Susan, I should have explained, was a de Vault. Whilst she had married into land minus mortgages, her sister the Lady Ann had married into merchandise plus nobility. Lord Eastcheap was working partner in a very old-established firm which dealt in hides from Posen. It will be well remembered that their failure was quite a sensation in society. It was through no fault of their own; it was simply because of the utter stagnation in the Posen trade. Bitter tongues will often snarl that when this sort of people fails there always seems enough money for them to live in comfort. But not so in this sad case. The family travelled second for some years; and, of the two sons, one had to go straight from Eton to an Oxford scholarship, where his battels were so low they shamed the staircase scout.

In this company Stiffbristle basked—so far as a man may bask in vaults—but, alas! not for long. That

which had befallen other vicars of Elvers Green befel Stiffbristle. There may be room in a village for a supreme lay ruler and a supreme spiritual ruler. Given fine tact, such a division of authority is conceivable. If the Lady Susan had been content to drill the bodies of her parishioners and Stiffbristle had confined himself to drilling their souls, the thing might have worked. But she wished to have a hand in both departments, and he had rather on the whole she had her interfering hand in neither. So they took to hating one another for the love of God, and there was war at Elvers Green, war all the week and again on Sunday. It was a war, so far as I understood, not of ritual but of management. There was war about the choir to start with—a musical war. Four of the daughters of the Lady Susan played the organ, but Stiffbristle wished to choose the chants. He protested against, I think it was, Gregorian chants for lesser Psalms. There was war in the school, in the parish room, in the cottage. The combatants had been known to join battle even at a mother's meeting. Stiffbristle was no longer asked to meet the Dowager de Vault at dinner at Elvers Place; that vault was closed for ever against him.

It went on for years, the two sides being on the whole evenly matched in spirit and resources. If the Lady Susan seemed to have got him by the short hairs during the week—as when for example she invited a neighbouring clergyman to do for Elvers Green what Stiffbristle himself ought to have been asked to do—the fortunes of war might shift on the seventh day; for then the Lady Susan must sit under her foe, and the text might be made to tell against her. Had not Pharaoh to bow before the high priest on occasion?

The thing reached a climax when the news went forth that the Lady Susan had announced that the children of Elvers Green must not have bread and treacle for their supper; it was absurd their having bread and treacle—they must have bread and butter. This had somewhat the effect on Stiffbristle that the Berlin Decrees of Napoleon had on England. He came out as a champion of the liberties of the people. England, he told the villagers, was a free nation. All parents had the right to decide on the supper of their own children. He had stood it for years, he would stand it no longer. Driven by bread and treacle past bearing, Stiffbristle went straight off to see the Bishop, and pour into his ears the long story of his martyrdom at Elvers Green.

The Bishop was commonly described as a courtier and a compromiser. A few who knew him intimately added that he was a Christian. He had a habit of going to bed at six o'clock in the evening when he wished to withdraw himself from the world. The Bishop was one of those rarest men who confer benefits simply by listening to people smarting under grief or injustice. There was a soothing, an exquisite sympathy in the way he lent his ear to sorrow. But how could even he help Stiffbristle? Not all the Bishops and Archbishops in their accumulated wisdom could have directed Stiffbristle how to prevent that woman from trampling on the liberties of Elvers Green. Convocation could not have prevented her. The Bishop could only advise as you or I could have advised Stiffbristle. Change with some other priest—this was all the Bishop could say. Alas, it was only easy to say!

So Stiffbristle went home with the good man's sympathy. He went home to discover this strange coincidence—that whilst he had gone to his Bishop she had gone to her God. People had said for years that the Lady Susan had no heart: and yet it was her heart that carried her off. At the very time Stiffbristle was pouring out his soul in the Bishop's ear, crying out against her pride, her tyranny over his people, she had a seizure. She was gone without a word—gone with one long mysterious sigh of death, no more.

"The hand of God"—was that the thought that flashed on Stiffbristle when he heard? Did he feel he had gotten the victory at last in a righteous cause? One cannot tell. To read the hearts of men is mostly left for the fools of this world; and to God in the next. But this is sure—Stiffbristle was a changed man thereafter. It was remarked at Elvers Green that he

began to show a loss of spirit about this time. There were not wanting bitter tongues to say it must be because he felt the loss of the Lady Susan so deeply. Perhaps people who said this were wiser than they knew. At any rate the man wilted. The zest of his life, which is the zest of so many a life, the wrestling and boxing business, went out of him. Stiffbristle was no longer Stiffbristle. One might have produced some little Baptist or Methody Boythorne to bait Stiffbristle into good heart again, and even this might not have served. The truth seems to be that some natures are meant for peace and some for war. Some for suffering the little children to come unto them, and others for smiting the Amalekite. Stiffbristle must have been meant as a smiter. He must have been meant for opposition and competition. It was bread and treacle to him. Take away competition from a plant or a man that thrives on competition, and the thing relieved may degrade or perish. There were some snowdrops in my garden that spread from the flower border to the gravel path, and though I pounded down the gravel and rolled it till it became like cement, the snowdrops in their season would thrust up through this hard floor stronger, more resolute than ever. As with plants, so it is with men like Stiffbristle. He was even as the snowdrops.

THE MARRING OF A COUNTY.

THOSE most praiseworthy people whose industry sets before us from time to time something of the treasures which our ancestors have left us in every corner of our country unhappily remind us of the Sibyl who brought her books to market. Year by year the amount of our inheritance dwindles; but the price which we have to pay if we would preserve it is fixed. Our efforts of conservative taste are always about a generation behindhand. Forty years ago there were churches which had escaped the restorer, ancient houses which only needed a few touches to the tiling or the plaster to make them tight for another century, sites round which a wise man might have drawn a magic circle against the jerry-builders for a mere song. Twenty years on, and the church is gutted and scraped; the manor house is a tumbled ruin; the foreground of an unsurpassed landscape has been blocked up by a row of unwholesome cottages and an iron shed. Another twenty years, and one of the latest of the Sibylline gatherings from the past* tells us that we have still our lesson to learn; the phrases "destroyed", "allowed to perish", "modernised", "the ignorance, carelessness, and prejudice by which so much has been swept away in our own time" are in a too familiar strain. It would seem that there is some sort of compensatory connexion between the growth of a solicitous interest in antiquities and the practical energies which brush them out of our path. The very taste which has learned to demand a country cottage "with beams"—as a recent definition compendiously put it—proceeds to transmogrify the simple unity of a half-timbered Jacobean farmhouse into a commodious week-end residence, with a new front like a stage-scene, a built-out billiard-room, and electric light. And this curious double-headed taste—too well seconded by the efforts of the country builder, with a conception of the meaning of "old-world" dawning in his soul, and vanloads of ready-made "art" details bought from a "cutting-line" in a wholesale catalogue—affects not only architecture, but the landscape. All over the South of England, on almost every rise which looks over woods or heath to wide sweeps of horizon, there stand brand-new mansions, rarely in harmonious or even considered relation to the surroundings, "pricking a Cockney ear" in raw red brick or gleaming stone, perched high to catch the view whose obverse they necessarily destroy. No county has suffered so much from this one-eyed taste as has Sussex. Mr. H. Belloc, who has written a poem, "The Individuality of Sussex", to the book referred to above, expresses an

* "Memorials of Old Sussex." Edited by Percy D. Mundy. London: Allen. 1909. 15s. net.

optimist view of the future of the county, as regards the chances of crowding and vulgarisation. The hope is a pious one; but the arch inconsequence of the reasons adduced might well exasperate anyone who has watched the course of things in the Weald for the last quarter of a century—even one who has been tamed by the influences of the soft air, the broad vaporous distances, the deep holding soil, working together to produce that steady, lenitive quality which gives the county its distinctive virtue. To announce that the Wealden clay is a real obstacle to the invasion of modern settlers is mere trifling. The London clay, beside whose sour intractability, damp-holding, and foundation-settling qualities the Wealden staple is a docile and generous compost, has not perceptibly checked, it may be remembered, the suburban expansion in its area. Those who have made any notes of the quantity and the quality of the building in Sussex during late years—not only near the railway centres, but in the most out-of-the-way villages and upon the openness of forest ground; who know the sort of designs which the bye-laws habitually pass, and the utilitarian iron bridges which the county councils put up in place of condemned timber and stone, and the cruel cleverness of the experts who turn old cottages into modern antiques, and the public liking for corrugated iron and barbed wire, and the effects upon a once picturesque village of the possession of an "Improvement Association"—the people who consider these things will not have very much doubt as to how long "the isolation and the consequent individuality of Sussex" will remain. The mischief which we shall learnly deplore in another score of years is now busy in every part of the county with scarcely a breath of disapproval to be heard against it. At the proper conjunction we shall begin to think it unthinkable (as we say) that any little speculator in bricks and mortar should have been allowed to deface with his æsthetics a county where nature and time, working on a curiously amenable architecture, had produced a kind of landscape beauty not to be found anywhere else in the world. It is not building, but building wrong, which blights the prospect. The finest and most characteristic views in Sussex generally owe something to farm-roofs or cottage timbering of the right kind coming into the picture. If we would but define for ourselves the points wherein the rightness lies, and see the reason why an old windmill or thatched gables or an oast-house are prettier than a new red-brick public-house with a glass "facia" and three gas-lamps, a girder bridge, or a zinc-roofed shed, we should be in the way of anticipating for once our customary posthumous wisdom in these concerns.

Sussex, of course, is not singular among the counties in the transformation which is going on; but for various reasons it is in the forefront of the battle, and in its peculiar mixture of gifts has perhaps more to lose than any other shire. There are other survivals, beside those of landscape and architecture, which there is still time for us to learn to respect and to conserve, dwindled relics and dear to buy though they may be. It is not only the brasses vanished from their matrices, the thirteenth-century paintings blackened by church stoves, the end of castles and monastic houses as road-metal, as set before us in Mr. Mundy's "Memorials", which we have to deplore. The learned compile glossaries of dialect, and the many write novels with rustic conversations, while for some forty years we have made our elementary education a machine for systematically stamping out the forms of the vernacular and replacing them by the tongue—of all within the four winds!—of lower middle-class London. It may be too late to save much of the vocal idiom—the north country will stick to its impregnable vowels for some time to come, but the southern wells are pretty deeply defiled. Yet of the dialect of thought, the mental syntax which perhaps even more than turns of the tongue used to distinguish the races of Britain, something may still be saved. If the rotund Sussex "a" must follow the "th" into oblivion, giving place to the soul-grating diphthong of Whitechapel, it is worth a struggle to keep even a remnant of the Sussex tem-

perament, the way of looking at the world, the deep entrenchment of opinion, the elementary wit, which have not their like in the world outside the Downs, the Weald, and the Forest. The right South Saxon nature—a rare compound which unites a softness of fibre something like the Celtic impracticability, a gentlemanly yielding of the wall to the aggressive world, with an extreme tenacity of private concerns, and mingles a strain of real piety with a stoical humour—is too good a thing to be handed over to the polishing touch of the certified intellects of the Code.

It may be hoped that the solidity of reserve still maintained towards new things and new people may indicate a provision of nature for the permanence of the type. The efforts of our "educationalists" may after all have only overlaid the full relief of the race like a coat of churchwardens' whitewash on old carving, and in better days the old deep-cut light and shade may be seen again in unslurred sharpness. When the time comes for us to discover that the uniformity we have loved is a specific blight of the mind, a national danger to be met by commissions and talking leagues, the resisting powers of silly Sussex may prove invaluable as the groundwork of recovery.

Meanwhile, there is something to be done by those who are not content with always being in at the death of all kinds of desirable antiquity. They will lend a hand where practicable to the saving of landscape beauty from injury that is often quite gratuitous, in places whose fame is unlike that of Ullswater or Burnham Beeches, insufficient to raise the public in their defence. They will give no countenance to that impudent folly of "restoring" old craftsmanship by replacing it by a modern copy. They will encourage as far as they can a general temper of reverence for the past, a spirit which involves something both of filial piety and of gratitude, and is an excellent countervail against some exaggerated modern tendencies. The true conservative reveres, in that fine conclusion of Pliny's, the glory of the days of old, and that very age which, venerable in man, in cities is sacred.

THE NEW ZEALAND OWL.

By JAMES DRUMMOND.

NEW ZEALAND'S "morepork" owl is one of the few members of the great Strigidae family that are not regarded with disfavour. There is hardly a race, barbarous or civilised, ancient or modern, which has not associated owls with misfortune and death. From remote ages poets have taken as much delight in decrying the owl as in praising the lark. It is always the "boding owl", the "moping owl", the "hooting owl", or the "screeching owl". The New Zealand owl, however, is loved by Europeans and revered by Maoris, and the Parliament of the country, following the people's wishes, has given it absolute protection.

It is a small bird as owls go, though its soft, fluffy feathers make it look larger than it is. It has a round, bullet-shaped head, large wings, strong, grasping claws, and a rather sombre, brown, rufous-spotted plumage. It loves the stately, almost songless forests of its native land, and usually shuns places where human beings gather. Sometimes it is seen out in the open, but when it is "at home" in the day-time it sits on the branch of a tree in the gloomiest depths of a dark forest, apparently lost in thought. I watched two of them sitting side by side in a forest in the Bird Sanctuary on the Little Barrier Island, near Auckland, a few years ago. They sat and stared and blinked until I went quite close to them, and then they seemed silently to fall from their perch, and, like beings from another world, they vanished amongst a network of hanging lianas and dense foliage.

When I spent ten days on the West Coast of the South Island in the early part of this year, trying to cement my friendship with several species of New Zealand's interesting native birds, owls were the first inhabitants of the forest to greet me. I was the guest of a miner, who is one of the most devoted bird-lovers

I have known. He lives on the banks of the lovely Mahinapua River, which flows eight miles from the Mahinapua Lake into the mouth of the Hokitika River, and so out into the Tasman Sea. He was waiting for me at Hokitika when I arrived there at dusk, and we paddled in a Maori canoe up the river until we reached a small grassy platform which runs out from the bank, and which is lapped by the waters of the river as they pass swiftly on to join the ocean. Behind the platform there is a natural shrubbery. In an opening in this shrubbery there is a path which crosses a swamp, and, turning at right angles, leads up to the portals of the forest through which it passes. For five chains or more, between avenues of towering trees, it has been formed by the dark trunks of hundreds of tree-ferns being thrown across it side by side and row upon row, while here and there a hollow has been bridged by a lordly pine which has fallen under the strokes of the axe, and which is now trampled under men's feet. The path ends at a clearing. In the centre of that clearing stands a wooden hut, small, modest, and comfortable, in which my friend lives alone, and which is the headquarters of many wild birds. Parson-birds step through his doorway, robins hop upon his table to share his meals, fantails flit through his rooms in search of flies, and on several occasions during my visit he called down tom-tits from distant tree-tops to feed on insects in his outstretched hand.

As soon as I set foot in this clearing I heard the owls' loud hooting. The presence of these birds seemed to be in keeping with the sombre, moonlit forest and the gigantic spectral pines and rata trees. "Whoo-who", one of the owls cried, the first note longer and more emphatic than the second; and an answer came from the other side of the clearing in the same monotonous tone, utterly devoid of variation. Every night at almost all hours, from dusk until the first faint glimmerings of dawn chased away the shadowy forest ghosts, I heard the strange "whoo-who", now from one tree, now from another, never close, but always loud, and, I admit, always peculiarly boding. It is in the darkest hour, just before the dawn, that the "morepork's" cry is heard in its most effective setting. At that time there is usually not another sound in a New Zealand forest except the rustling of the leaves, the creaking of the boughs, and the sighing of the wind. Owls have the whole forest to themselves, and their hooting is made louder by the absence of all other evidence of animal life. They do not always wait for night to come and hide their actions. Before darkness has settled down, and while it is still quite light, they come out from their hiding places in hollow trees and set upon belated small birds which are hurrying to their nests. Sometimes, early in the evening, they come about the hut. One of them has a favourite perching place close to the window, where he likes to sit and listen to my friend startle the silence with notes from his cornet.

In the old days in New Zealand, before civilisation, the "morepork" was treated as a supernatural being, and even now there is a strong belief amongst the Maoris that the family god, protector, or guardian angel assumes the form of an owl. There are some Maoris who still believe that when a chief takes his walks abroad he is accompanied by an owl, which hoots or screeches in the evening when he breaks his journey or reaches his destination. An incident that shows how the owl superstition is perpetuated occurred a short time ago. Some school-children finding an owl in a garden struck it down and apparently killed it. An old Maori woman took it from the children, that the cats might not get hold of it. She carried it to her hut and placed it under her bed. A few hours later she saw with terror the owl fly from under the bed into the room, through the door, and into the open. She was convinced that it was quite dead when she took it from the children. Nothing but a god, she said, could come back to life, and she saw in the incident the sign of a calamity which would follow an insult to a god. The Maoris generally, who are very fond of bird pets, refuse to keep owls in captivity, because, they say, the death of a captive owl is an omen of ill.

The members of some tribes believe that the owl has friendly feelings towards human beings. In the fastnesses of Tuhoe Land, in the great King Country, it is believed that the owl gives a warning of the approach of a hostile war party. It is alleged to have a peculiar cry: "Kou! Kou! Kou! Whero! Whero! Whero!" It is understood to say: "Arise! By fleeing you will escape the enemy, who assault an empty hamlet!" In one of the forests of Tuhoe Land two albino owls of supernatural powers, named Kahu and Kau, predict the success or failure of the bird-snaring seasons. If a person belonging to the district goes into the forest and takes some birds and bones them, and the two owls appear, the season will be good; but if the owls do not appear the season will be bad. When the chief Hone Heke, in one of the early Maori wars, attacked the Europeans at the Bay of Islands, the Maori warriors used the owl's cry as a means of communication. The parties, as they moved to their positions near the block-houses before daybreak, imitated the hooting. The British soldiers were so accustomed to hear the owls at night that they took no notice of the familiar sound, and the tactics of the Maoris were carried out without hindrance.

The Maori priests of olden times gave the owl a very honourable position in the "Battle of the Birds". A land-bird and a sea-bird quarrelled over a feeding-ground. A great battle took place, all the birds of the sea and of the land taking part in it. "An immense army of sea-birds came sweeping grandly from one side of the heavens to the other, making a terrible noise with their wings and throats. A mighty charge was made by the sea-birds. In the first rank, swooping down with mighty wings, came the albatross, the gannet, and the brown gull, all the other birds of the sea following closely. Then they charged at close quarters and fought, bird with bird. The river-birds came in close phalanx and dashed bravely right into their foes. They all stood to it for a long time, fighting desperately. At last the sea-birds gave way and fled in confusion. The big hawk sailed down upon them, pursuing and killing, and the fleet sparrow-hawk dashed in and out amongst the fugitives, while the owl, who could not fly by day, and who, therefore, could not take an active part in the affray, gave encouragement by hooting derisively: 'Thou art brave! Thou art victor!'"

The only charge made against the "morepork" is that it kills small native birds, which are now becoming rare; but it also destroys large numbers of vermin, and its few failings and foibles are readily forgiven. "I have listened to the music of our steadfast friend the 'morepork' for fifty years", writes a colonist in the North Island, "and the song of no other bird gives me half as much satisfaction. It is 'hooting, laughing in the forest', indeed, to the inestimable benefit of every settler. By the destruction of rats and mice, this bird has been of incalculable benefit to farmers, and I would make it a criminal offence either to destroy or injure it".

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIBERAL WOMAN-FOLK; PRIMROSE DAMES; POLITICAL FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Imperial Colonial Club, 84 Piccadilly,
19 November 1909.

SIR,—My letter of 4 November under the above heading was called forth by your article on "Liberal Woman-folk and their Men" and by the recent correspondence between the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association and the Primrose League, published in the "Morning Post" on 27 October. On 28 October a letter appeared, signed "Primrose Leaguer", regretting the decision of the Grand Council; this regret is shared by many Unionists—Primrose Leaguers and otherwise—who feel that an attitude of neutrality on the part of Unionist suffragists is bound to have an adverse effect, indirectly at least, at the General Election.

On 31 May this year the "Morning Post" published a correspondence between Mrs. Gilbert Samuel, Hon. Secretary of the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association, and Mr. Arnold Ward, at the Central Conservative Association, Watford. Mrs. Samuel asked Mr. Ward's opinion on the subject of pressing for legislation "when our party is returned to power". Mr. Ward expressed regret at an attempt to make the subject a party question "as likely to jeopardise principles far wider than the particular object you have in view". He says: "The fact that among your vice-presidents are to be found the names of a number of very influential ladies, closely connected with the leaders of the party, only increases the anxiety which has been aroused by your Association's programme". He asks if the Association proposes "to support or oppose Unionist candidates according to their views on women's franchise. If this is your intention, how do you reconcile it with party loyalty? If it is not your intention, what can be the object of the letter which you have circulated?" Mrs. Samuel then explained the objects of the Association, and stated its intention not to oppose any official candidate. To this Mr. Ward wrote that "in view of the strong opposition to your objects existing within the ranks of the party . . . your Association is not calculated to promote harmonious relations, but rather to divide the members of a great party whose first imperative duty it should be to ignore all points of difference and to work all together for the triumph of its accepted principles".

This correspondence caused some comment at the time, but not much uneasiness was felt until the Grand Council of the Primrose League announced that "members of the League are bound not to oppose official Unionist candidates whatever the candidates' views may be on the question of women's suffrage". It has been felt that an attitude of neutrality—however benevolent—is not enough for members of a League formed "to maintain the integrity of the Empire"; there are Unionist anti-suffragists who have expressed their intention of refraining from activity in the General Election if their official candidate is in favour of suffrage, and this feeling is as much to be regretted as in the case of Unionist suffragists.

My knowledge of the working and organisation of the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association is limited, like that of any other non-member, to what can be gathered from a set of the leaflets published by it, a copy of the rules, and such notices of meetings and correspondence as have from time to time appeared in the "Morning Post".

I have read with interest the quotations from Conservative leaders, past and present, and have noted that all are dated before the question reached its present acute stage. Mr. Balfour has made no very recent pronouncement about the suffrage, and several other prominent Unionists are known to be opposed to it. I did not say that any suffragist "to remain straightforward must desert her party organisation". What I said was that the suffragist who puts the vote above all other questions should not "allow her name to be borne on the books of a party association, and to use that association to put forward her personal opinions to the detriment of that same party".

Many Unionists will welcome Lady Castlereagh's assurance that, while the Association as such will naturally not work for an official candidate should he oppose the suffrage, those members who are also "members of the Primrose League or other associations . . . will do work of which any Unionist may be proud". No reminder is needed of the work done by them in the past. I hope it may be my fate—and that of other anti-suffragist Unionists—to work under the leadership, in the coming election, of one of those ladies of the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association who "place imperial interests before everything".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANNIE J. LINDSAY.

THE FLOW OF GOLD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 November 1909.

SIR,—It is very encouraging to find a paper having the standing of the SATURDAY REVIEW giving prominence to the subject which your correspondent, Mr. Henry Meulin, deals with under the title, "The Flow of Gold", in last week's issue. To one who has studied this subject it is not a little curious that our daily and weekly journals devote so little space to a subject which is certainly of greater importance than any proposed scheme of tariff reform or taxation of land values.

In an able address to the Bankers' Association of Liverpool last year Mr. (now Sir) E. H. Holden, the well-known general manager of the London City and Midland Banking Company, stated that "the business of the world is carried on by means of loans, that loans create credit, that the stand-by for the protection of these credits is gold, and that, therefore, gold controls the trade of the world".

The condition of the commercial man in England is very peculiar. In spite of all his diligence and enterprise he knows perfectly well that his success is largely due to influences and agencies over which he has no control, that not only is he liable to suffer for any indiscretions on the part of his own people, such as some foolish legislation or other circumstances arising in his own country, but he is also likely to suffer for the indiscretions or even for the successes of people in other countries. For instance, a short time ago the directors of the Pennsylvania Railway Company decided upon the construction of some extensive new works, and at the same time various speculators in Egypt decided upon similar undertakings in that country, the result of which was that there was an application to the Bank of England for large shipments of gold abroad, and the Governors of the Bank decided to raise the rate, the consequence being that thousands of our commercial people were compelled to pay an additional rate of interest on loans. And this is what is likely to happen at any time. In other words, owing to our financial arrangements, the Bank of England has the power to tax the whole of the commercial interests of Great Britain in order that foreigners may have free access to English gold!

The system is so extraordinary that it would be farcical were it not so terribly disastrous. We are the only country in the world where such a condition prevails.

Just now there is an enormous amount of agitation throughout the British Isles owing to the proposal on the part of the Government to put a tax on land values, and yet we cheerfully submit to a system where a dozen men in London may sit around a table at any time and impose a tax of from one per cent. upwards on bank loans, without exciting any comment. When one reflects that a large number of businesses are done on a margin of from one per cent. to two per cent., it is easy to see how disastrously the increase of the Bank rate affects them.

One of the chief arguments that has been used by tariff reformers against our free-trade system is that trade conditions have entirely changed during the free-trade period, and that our fiscal system needs reconsideration. If this is true of the tariff system, surely it is equally true of our financial system. We are still doing business on the basis which was created sixty-five years ago when trade was a mere bagatelle to what it is at the present time and before the gold standard had been adopted by other nations. The mere fact that our great industrial competitors have adopted the same monetary standard is in itself sufficient to demand a reconsideration of the Banking and Currency Acts.

It may sound strange to many, but I have no hesitation in asserting that the evils that have arisen and which have created this agitation in favour of tariff reform are directly traceable to our irrational and inadequate financial system, and if this subject were properly agitated both tariff reformers and free traders would find that they were what the Americans

call "barking up the wrong tree". Free trade has failed in this country because it has been unaccompanied with free banking, and because of the absurd restrictions which have been placed upon the means of exchange. Similarly tariff reformers would find that with the adoption of a sane monetary and banking system English trade would have all the protection that it enjoyed from 1847 to 1874 when England was alone in the use of the gold standard. Since the latter date, international trade has become not so much an exchange of commodities as a scramble for gold.

The subject is, perhaps, too long for a letter. I merely make these few remarks hoping that your readers will see the importance of a complete study of this subject.

Yours faithfully,
A READER OF THE S. R.

MR. URE'S LATEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The "Old" Vicarage, Rye,
23 November 1909.

SIR,—When trying to answer Mr. Balfour's condemnation of his speech on the old-age pensions and the Unionist party Mr. Ure made the excuse that he meant that the Unionists, relying only on Tariff Reform for their revenue, would not be able to pay these pensions. I admit this was rather a clever "get-out"; whether a very truthful one or not I can't say; but I see he is now reported to have said at Weston-super-Mare: "Unionists were going to plunge the country into a great constitutional struggle, upset business and bring the financial affairs of the State to a deadlock upon a Budget which was the very Budget they would have brought in to-morrow had they been in office." Surely this takes all the wind out of Mr. Ure's reply to Mr. Balfour, for, providing the Unionists bring in a Budget the same as Mr. Lloyd George's, they will be in the same position to pay old-age pensions as the Radicals. Can Mr. Ure wriggle out of this? I would not ask you to insert this letter did I not know what a tremendous effect Mr. Ure's speeches have had on those in receipt of old-age pensions.

Yours faithfully,
T. G. SHARPE.

NATIONAL THEATRES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club, Pall Mall S.W.,
20 November 1909.

SIR,—Mr. Richard C. Jackson writes in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW strongly deprecating the establishment of the proposed National Theatre. He assumes that the object of a National Theatre is to rob taxpayers in order to provide casual amusement for nothing to certain playgoers. This is not so. The object of a National Theatre is to organise and build up a national drama on the level of its sister arts, to raise high standards of writing and acting all round, and to establish great traditions on our stage. With this idea in our minds the money actually spent upon the various National Theatres that Mr. Jackson mentions seems to be a wonderfully good and economical investment. The upkeep of a National Theatre costs about £10,000 a year. It costs us over £4000 a year to gaze at two pictures only in the National Gallery, the recently acquired Holbein and the Raphael Madonna. To gaze at all our collections, when the value of the sites is taken into account, costs us a fabulous sum. Beside it £10,000 a year is a mere fleabite, a mere nothing for a wealthy country to dole out to the art which has, or should have, incomparably the more vital and penetrating influence upon the tastes and conduct and lives of its citizens. The measure of a nation's advance in the arts is roughly the measure of its distance from the brutes. The arguments that Mr. Jackson uses against the establishment of a National Theatre may be equally used against the continued establishment and endow-

ment of the National Galleries. The sites and pictures would sell for an enormous sum, which would be of great use to the Chancellor of the Exchequer just now. If on consideration Mr. Jackson finds that his arguments are sound, let him leave the drama alone, as it is not at present endowed, but let him organise a scheme for the sale of our national collections, and thus earn the gratitude of those fellow-taxpayers for whom he shows so much solicitude.

Your obedient servant,
HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THE SHORT STORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 November 1909.

SIR,—In the fine review of Mr. Harris' "Shakespeare" which appeared in the SATURDAY of last week, there occurs one of the most amazing sentences I have read for some time, a sentence that shows how very much we here in England are out of touch with the trend of literature in those benighted portions of the world outside of the sweet influence of the Brixton Pleiades.

The sentence is as follows, and as it is placed in parenthesis it is naturally the absolute opinion of the writer: "Mr. Harris' own tale 'Sonia' comes as near as anything we know, but it is only a short story."

Only a short story—one wonders if the writer of the review has read the three sketches by Turgeneff that appeared in your issue of last week.

It is precisely because "Sonia" is not a long-drawn-out novel that Mr. Harris has succeeded (as your reviewer allows) in placing before us a picture.

In spite of the fact that novels continue to pour out of the British press, it would seem that the novel as a means of artistic expression is an obsolete form. In France, Russia, Spain, Italy, and Germany the short story has either supplanted or is supplanting it.

With ourselves the drama is displacing it every day. Already even the press, which is usually a generation behind intellectual opinion, is beginning to give more attention to the dramatist than to the novelist. If English writers go on pouring out floods of enormous, formless novels, in which the subject is everything and the handling nothing, our literature will inevitably decline.

However, I observe with pleasure that our best writers—as Conrad, Hudson, Galsworthy, George Moore, Henry James, and Ezra Pound—are devoting themselves more and more to short pieces, and in them are doing some of their finest work.

I am yours faithfully,
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

"NUMEROUS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Little Clarendon, Dinton, Salisbury,
20 November 1909.

SIR,—Will not the SATURDAY REVIEW help by precept and example to reclaim this constantly misused word to its right use, and to reinstate its much-injured poor relation "many"? Et tu, S. R. To take one instance out of several from your last issue, why, in the name of the English tongue, not "many" but "numerous important men of finance" (p. 616)? The reminder is an impertinence that a hive and a family are numerous, the bees and the children not numerous but many. "Numerous", in its proper and almost extinct sense, is a most valuable word with no English equivalent.

And where is the ancient ear for English? Neither the Editor nor A. L. H. ("Quicunque Vult" correspondence) seems afflicted by the cacophony in the new rendering "There is therefore one Father".

I am etc.,
G. H. ENGLEHEART.

[It is so rare in these days to find a man fastidious in the use of words that we gladly publish this letter; we think it seems to be at our own expense.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

A MODERN BOOK ON SHELLEY.

"Shelley: the Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. London: Methuen. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

THE author of this volume tells us in his introductory chapter that he has written the book largely to please himself. At the end he ventures the hope that it may renew, in the breasts of "middle-aged" people, the youthful desire to read Shelley. All this is modest, and indeed the whole work is as unassuming as it is sane and enjoyable. Mr. Clutton-Brock is familiar with several modes of artistic expression, and particularly is able to illuminate his observation of literature by sidelights from what he knows of pictures. More important, his view of art itself is logically thought out and consistently applied. He possesses what is all too rare among writers of literary criticism—a clear, simple and central aesthetic theory which guides, without stiling, his judgment of particular works. For biographical purposes his style is excellent. He eschews theatrical effects, but he writes with a shrewd perception and a turn of dry humour which give real life to his narrative. Thus equipped, there was no reason why Mr. Clutton-Brock should hesitate about a new book on Shelley. There was more than room for a book of the right sort—a book addressed to the layman, dealing sensibly with the life and sympathetically with the poems, above all, presenting Shelley's astonishing unity, as man and artist, in a form entirely clarified from the sloppy sentiment which shifts and palliates no less than from the mechanical morality which condemns from outside. A book of this kind, essentially modern in tone and free from the professorial taint, would have been a genuine contribution to present-day criticism. Half-way through the present volume, we fancied that Mr. Clutton-Brock had actually filled the gap. Reviewing the book as a whole we can see that our expectations—very high ones, it is true—have not been realised. We can only say that the book will please, justly, many readers who have no inclination to "authoritative" biographies like Professor Dowden's, or who are deterred from that and other works by the qualities, or rather lack of quality, which Matthew Arnold so lightly but vividly indicated in his famous review. There is nothing ponderous in Mr. Clutton-Brock's exposition of the poems. He has the good sense to choose what is typical, however familiar, and never descends to wearisome detail. Unfortunately his chapters of literary criticism read as though they had first seen the light by instalments, and abound in repetition, useful enough in the journalist or lecturer who aims at a certain completeness in the serial part, but a bad flaw in the writer of a compacted work. His views of "romantic" poetry and the peculiar difficulties which the romantic poet had to face, sound views as they are, recur again and again. Shelley's attitude to Nature, especially his sense of a personality in her elemental forms, is emphasised with needless iteration. The author's ideas on marriage, and on the "polygamous" instinct he finds in Shelley, are always with us throughout the book, often in practically the same words. Certain idiosyncrasies of Shelley's temperament are so harped upon that their undoubted significance is blunted rather than enforced. We would undertake to improve the book enormously with no instrument but a knife. Excision, however, will not touch the book's main defect—its lack of unity. The first hundred pages or so are quite admirable; then the author's attempt to keep the man and the poet running in double harness seems to be too much for him. The portrait flickers. He tells us that what was best in Shelley "was always growing stronger", but this development (crucial test of a psychological study) is just what he fails to exhibit. He asserts it, but he does not bring it home to us in any cumulative way. We would not for a moment minimise the difficulty of such a task. Perhaps it is impossible after all. We only say that Mr. Clutton-Brock excites in us—perhaps unconsciously—a hope which he does not fulfil. Our disappointment is complimentary

to the writer. We should not dwell upon it did we not recognise the sound and varied merits that make this book—taken page by page—so easy and instructive to read.

No doubt the general failure to understand Shelley has been due to an impossible discrimination between man and poet. Little poets may be considered well enough apart from their moral characters and political leanings. In the case of a great poet it is simply futile to swallow his poetry while we blink his mental and moral life in bulk. The attempt is cowardice. Shelley's opinions, and nearly everything that was questionable in his behaviour, were neither lapses from his real self nor mere trappings of his personality. It is not even enough to say of Shelley, as we might say if we were discussing the life of Burns, that the poetry and the conduct were fellow-fruit of one tree. Shelley's poetry and Shelley's conduct are more than mutually explanatory. They both belong integrally to that amazing idealism of which he will always remain the classical example. Alike in art and in life he carried the power of abstraction to a point which is not likely to be surpassed. Psychologically, he is the most verdant spirit in history. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the metaphysical faculty must imply unusual subtlety of character. Kant, we have no doubt, was privately a simple soul. Subtlety, in the sense of consciously mixed motives, was totally absent from Shelley's composition; and it was just this simplicity of consciousness which enabled him, in his poetry, to sustain such flights of insubstantial fancy as no other poet we know of could even have attempted without a sense of incongruity. His acts were symbols of his intellectual attitude. The youth who at nineteen designed to liberate Ireland, and who amused himself by attaching copies of his Declaration of Rights to fire balloons or setting them afloat on the sea, is one and the same with the author of "Alastor". Not only was he incapable of understanding the conventions of normal humanity; he did not even live, mentally, within the normal limits of evidence in matters of fact. The mysterious perils and episodes which he several times alleged in justification of flight from places where he had but recently resolved to stay "for ever"; his romantic fancy that he was suffering from elephantiasis; his self-persuasion (after his break with Harriet) that she had previously been untrue to him; his naked but unabashed appearance before a mixed company after bathing; these things and many like them, which occurring in an average man would suggest obvious doubts of his sanity, in Shelley are only remarkable as everything about him is remarkable. The essence of insanity is inconsistency. A more consistent figure than Shelley never walked. Mr. Clutton-Brock remarks acutely that if Shelley had loved Harriet, he would probably have made it a point of honour not to marry her. We hardly know which is the more pathetic, in the highest sense of pathos; the slowness of Harriet's gradual recognition that she had really been betrayed, or Shelley's own naïve wonder whether Wordsworth could have written his poetry if he had been worried (as was Shelley at the time) by money-lenders. Harriet's death did not fill Shelley with remorse. His subsequent attitude was in perfect keeping with all he had done before. There is reason to think that the tragedy made its mark on his spirit and in his poems, as Mr. Clutton-Brock shows, but we must quite reject any theory which would assume in Shelley the power of analysing his previous or present actions in a dry light. The dejection to which we owe not only the familiar "Stanzas", but a hundred fine passages, is an intuitive, rather than a reflective, sense that this world was not made for him. The conscious war of flesh and spirit no more existed for Shelley than for the purely Hellenic nature. Shelley, as one of John Oliver Hobbes' persons flippantly observes of women in general, thought his flesh was his spirit. Of course the war went on in him, as it does everywhere, but his perplexities arising from it were only apprehended like physical pain, and remind us of the perplexities of dumb animals caught in external devices which they cannot understand. This explains Shelley's habitual conception, in politics and poetry, of enormous artificial

tyrannies preying upon the world; a conception which seems to us excessively crude, but which after all is very natural if we consider the sort of person he was. Mr. Clutton-Brock very truly points out that Shelley in his whole life knew very few normal people. His childlike nobility attracted cranks as a rock attracts mussels. The excellent earlier part of this book makes vivid, what we scarcely before realised, the prevalence a hundred years ago of "queer" people precisely similar to those of to-day, whom we often regard as purely modern excrescences. Stripped of the vast creative impulse which belonged to that time, Shelley would be thoroughly at home among vegetarian idealists in a "garden city" of 1909. We could say of modern "progressives" exactly what our author happily says of Shelley, that "the love of mankind in the abstract caused him to dislike most individual men because they did not love each other".

Much that is said of the poetry deserves comment, but special praise is due to Mr. Clutton-Brock's thoughtful, if somewhat diffuse, account of Shelley's romanticism. The romantic poets were "like architects who should set out to design a great building without a commission or a site". Shelley's higher animism, so to put it (the author does not give it this name), is also well expounded. Good, too, is the remark that "Shelley's earlier verse is empty where Keats' is clogged". We are delighted to find Mr. Clutton-Brock recognising, in the "Epipsychidion", notes alike of Donne and of Crashaw. Paradoxically, but not without shrewd truth, he also says that Shelley "at his best is rather a classical than a romantic poet". The point invites discussion too late.

"The loud deep calls me home even now to feed it
With azure calm out of the emerald urns
Which stand for ever full beside my throne."

These are not the lines of a "classical" poet in any eighteenth-century sense. They might occur in "Hyperion". Shelley, like Keats, had drunk deep of Helicon. In their finer moments both poets, under forms whose purity of outline at least rivals the ancients, express beauty with a restrained ecstasy of feeling that is entirely modern.

A RARE PERSONALITY.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson: a Memoir." Edited by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

GIBBON says, with his solemn sneer, that it was not the business of the first Christians to make themselves agreeable in this world. And in truth an apostle is generally a tiresome and disagreeable person. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was a witty and charming man of the world, who devoted himself fanatically to a cause that was not worldly, resembling in this respect Laurence Oliphant. When the reminiscences of a wit are edited by a wit the result is expected to be an amusing volume, and Mr. George Russell's book will not disappoint those who get it. Sir Wilfrid Lawson stands out from the mob of politicians as a rare and sweet personality. The testimony of those who knew him in private and public life is unanimous and enthusiastic to the nobility of his character. A country gentleman of old lineage and ample estate, a public speaker whose vigour and purity of style were rather drowned in his inexhaustible humour, he might easily have become a Cabinet Minister had he consented to desert his life-work and bow the knee to the idols of party. How far removed he was from the servility of the partisan may be gathered from the following extract from his speech on the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882: "I say deliberately, and in doing so I challenge either Tory or Liberal to contradict me, that no Tory Government could have done what the Liberal Government did yesterday in bombarding these forts. If such a thing had been proposed, what would have happened? We should have had my right hon. and learned friend the Secretary of State for the Home Department (Harcourt) stumping the country and denouncing Govern-

ment by ultimatum. We should have had the noble Marquis the Secretary of State for India (Hartington) coming down and moving a resolution condemning these proceedings being taken behind the back of Parliament. We should have had the President of the Board of Trade (Chamberlain) summoning the caucuses. We should have had the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (Bright) declaiming in the Town Hall of Birmingham against the wicked Tory Government; and, as for the Prime Minister (Gladstone), we all know there would not have been a railway train, passing a roadside station, at which he would not have pulled up to proclaim non-intervention as the duty of the Government." The way in which the foibles of his leaders are told off one by one is perfect parliamentary invective. Sir Wilfrid celebrated the same event in the following verses:

"The Grand Old Man to the war has gone,
In the Jingo ranks you'll find him;
He went too fast for Brother John,
But Chamberlain's still behind him.
'Land of Fools', said the Grand Old Man,
'Let nothing I do surprise thee;
And if any blame be cast on my plan,
The Grand Old Man defies thee.'
On Egypt's sands the Old Man fell,
But he would not own his blunder;
The Midlothian book, which we knew so well,
He took and he tore asunder."

How Gladstone must have writhed under this satire, as good of its kind as anything we know! Lawson has often been accused of cynicism. The truth is he despised the leaders of parties with the scorn natural to an honest man and a gentleman. The Dual Alliance of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain moved him to "Hanky and Panky":

"Arthur and Joseph are two pretty men,
They declare their affection again and again.
When Arthur proclaims a thing to be 'so',
'That's just what I think', comes the answer from Joe.
'The name of Protection we stoutly abjure,
Free Traders at heart we both are to be sure.'
'Where thou goest, I go', exclaims Chamberlain
Hanky;
'And I go where you go', replies Arthur Panky;
'For one thing is certainly clear beyond all,
That united we stand, and divided we fall.'"

Political verses of this kind are a national possession, and ought not to "pass in smother".

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's politics sat oddly on a baronet with a large rent-roll. He was a Little Englander and a peace-at-any-price man; he was against the Church and the House of Lords; of course in favour of universal suffrage, local veto, and secular education. The squabbles over primary education always excited the Pontius Pilate vein in his mind. "Forster's Education Bill" (this in 1870) "was perhaps more exciting than the Land Bill—the Bible being the great bone of contention—when it was to be read, where it was to be read, by whom it was to be read, to whom it was to be read, who was to pay for its being read—these points were discussed ad nauseam." And then he tells the following story: "One of the great points of discussion in 1870 was whether the Bible should be read in the schools 'without note or comment'. I have heard of an old woman who had clear views on this point. Her husband was blind, and someone said that it must be a great deprivation to him not to be able to read. To which she replied: 'Oh, no; I reads the Bible to him every night, and many's the bits I puts in for his good!'" Thirty-eight years later the same irrepressible humour bubbled up on the same subject, Mr. Birrell's Education Bill:

"It's a very good Bill in its way,
Though it alters its shape every day.
But everything's meant
With the best of intent,
Whatever the critics may say."

There's a bit for the Papist, a bit for the Jew,
A bit for the stern Nonconformist man too—
There's a bit for the Parson's assistance,
And a bit to help Passive Resistance;
But above all beside, whatever we've tried,
On Religion we place chief insistence.
We don't for ourselves demand it—not we—
But it's all for the good of the children, you see:
For them we debate and squabble and fight;
If the children are pious, then all will come right.

And so without ending,
We'll go on amending;
Through good and through ill,
We'll stick to the Bill,
Our faith in its future unending."

Who (but Gladstone) could be angry with such a man? Who would not love him? We think Lawson was happier in verse than in prose; though when he replied to a Tory Privy Councillor who had just made a speech on a liquor Bill, and who had a perpetual appearance of inebriety, "the right honourable gentleman was evidently full of his subject", the House of Commons roared. When the Tories said during an election "The flowing tide is with us", Lawson answered "The flowing bowl is with them". And, if we are not mistaken, Sir Wilfrid was the author of "Dam the tide", which Mr. Barrie so audaciously cribbed in "What Every Woman Knows". Only once did we hear Sir Wilfrid Lawson say a nasty thing, and then we think the provocation was sufficient. Referring to Mr. Harry Lawson in the short Parliament of 1885, Sir Wilfrid said, "I do not know the honourable gentleman; but he bears an honoured name".

But what of his life-work? Contemning place in Parliament, and praise in the market-place, Sir Wilfrid Lawson devoted his life to the making of men sober by Act of Parliament. He did not carry his Acts, and men have become sober—almost. From what has been written above it will be gathered that we do not undervalue the eloquence, the courage, and the wit of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. But though the drunkenness of Alexander the Great may have made drunkards—this is generally received—we doubt whether the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Lawson ever made a convert to total abstinence, and we are certain that none of his prohibitory laws would have done so. The climate, ignorance and the absence of rational amusements made men drink in the old days. Our climate is unchanged, but education, facilities of locomotion and multiplicity of indoor and outdoor amusements, perhaps also nerves and gout, have made men on the whole sober. Men's habits cannot be changed suddenly, any more than their minds, as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain both found out. But if we cannot allow Sir Wilfrid Lawson to have accomplished what is beyond the power of an individual, all honour to the apostle who braved abuse and gave up power to try to raise his fellows from the slough of a degrading vice.

MRS. SIDDONS.

"The Incomparable Siddons." By Mrs. Clement Parsons. London: Methuen. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

SARAH KEMBLE was born at Brecon on 5 July 1755. Her father and mother were strolling, or perhaps we should say touring, players, and from her earliest youth the child was brought up in the atmosphere of the stage. In spite of this circumstance she received a tolerably good education, and her mother was at pains to teach Sarah the sounding elocution of the day. When eleven years old she played Ariel, her first Shakespearean part, and in her nineteenth year she married William Siddons, a bad actor in her father's company. At the end of the year 1775 she made her first and unsuccessful appearance in London at Drury Lane, but when she returned from the provinces seven years later she achieved an immediate and astonishing success. From then till her retirement in 1812 she

held the boards, acknowledged queen of English drama. She died on 8 June 1831, in her seventy-sixth year.

These are the bare facts of a life that must always prove surprising to those who only know Mrs. Siddons as the greatest tragic actress of her time—perhaps the greatest tragic actress England has ever produced. Our stage-struck society expects actors and actresses to be no less interesting in their homes than on the boards of the theatre. Mrs. Siddons' failure in this can only be described as colossal. Her private life was one long tale of placid propriety. She was kind to her husband, an admirable mother to her children, and her recreations were needlework and modelling in clay; she went to church every Sunday morning; she was very fond of money, indeed her parsimony got her into trouble with her audience more than once; she was a prude, in a day when nearly all good women were prudes; and she was "lofty-minded" to the degree of having no sense of humour. She was very fond of food—we have the word of her butcher that she ate a surprising number of mutton chops, and she loved taking snuff. She was, it would seem, intelligent rather than clever, and a great solemnity brooded over her every word and deed.

It is a little difficult to discover the great tragic actress in all this, though it certainly prepares us for Mrs. Siddons' relative ill success in comedy; but if the unanimously enthusiastic evidence of her contemporaries may be trusted, it would seem that this solemn, homely creature became a consummate artist the moment she stepped on to the stage. The audiences of those days were oddly impressionable compared with the sophisticated audiences of to-day. They would cry like children when Mrs. Siddons wept on the stage; and in Edinburgh, roused to enthusiasm by her acting, they once encored the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth". Audiences of this character would be more sympathetic with the players than with the dramatists, and doubtless their unrestrained emotionalism was of real assistance to Mrs. Siddons in the development of her art. She had all the physical attributes necessary for success: a wonderful voice, great physical strength, and especially that striking beauty which lives for us in the portraits by Romney, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. She had had years of hard work and good training in the provinces. Such a woman could hardly fail.

But her success was quite extraordinary, and it is clear that, in terms of her own day, Mrs. Siddons was a very great actress indeed. In spite of the mass of contemporary evidence, it is a little difficult to appreciate wherein the strength of her acting lay, for her critics praised her indiscriminately for her "naturalness" and the classic grandeur of her style. We know that her elocution was that of the ranting school of Quin rather than of the natural school of Garrick. But the truth probably is that when her mouthing manner of speech allowed it, she was a natural actress. Her tears were real tears, and her madness did not wear white satin. Her deaths on the stage were very realistic, and the tragic expressions of her features, and especially of her eyes, not only reduced her audience to a state of delicious terror, but frequently alarmed her fellow actors and actresses as well. The unnatural tones of her voice would tend to heighten the intense realism of her acting, and at the same time would help to conceal the extreme absurdity of the contemporary drama.

Her limitations are easier to fix, and are such as might be deduced from a study of her life. Her comedy was forced, though she was not readily persuaded of its inferiority; and sexual passion, if she did not ignore it, she at least regarded with marked mistrust. She would not play Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra" because she said that she would hate herself if she played the part as it ought to be played; and her Rosalind in "As You Like It" disguised herself in "an ambiguous vestment that seemed neither male nor female". She was, we might venture to say, as careful of her reputation in acting as she was in life, and she conceived Lady Macbeth as a "fragile blonde".

Late in life Mrs. Siddons said emphatically "I was an honest actress, and at all times in all things endeavoured to do my best", and this assertion of her artistic sincerity was certainly justified. She studied her many parts as few actresses can have studied them, and her constant triumphs did not hinder her continual endeavour to improve her readings. Her limitations as an artist were largely due to the sentimentality of her age and the unchallenged rectitude of her private life, which prevented her from associating herself with emotions which her intellect condemned.

Mrs. Clement Parsons' biography is painstaking, and as far as we have tested it, accurate, and may be commended to those who wish to know more of the woman who ruled the English stage for thirty years.

PICTURE-BOOKS ON CHINA.

"China: its Marvel and Mystery." By J. Hodgson Liddell. With 40 Illustrations in Colour. London: Allen. 1909. 21s. net.

"China." By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Sir Henry Arthur Blake. With 16 Illustrations and 64 Reproductions in Black and White. London: Black. 1909. 5s.

"The Face of China." Written and Illustrated by E. G. Kemp. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 20s. net.

"The Great Wall of China." With numerous Illustrations. By William Edgar Geil. London: Murray. 1909. 21s. net.

"Houseboat Days in China." By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated by W. D. Straight. London: Arnold. 1909. 15s. net.

IT is not so very long since the public was accused of being absolutely indifferent about China, unless galvanised by a war or a Boxer outrage; but the appearance of five illustrated books within a few weeks seems to imply a belief that interest must be growing apace. Dr. Edkins declared—but that is more than thirty years ago—that the trouble originated with Sir John Mandeville, who (with Marco Polo) told such wonderful things about China that readers did not know whether they were dealing in fact or fiction, so agreed to look at it through coloured glass. Nor are we quite sure that the obsession has been dispelled even yet, for some of the illustrations before us are very highly coloured indeed. Bright colouring there is in China, without doubt, and the picturesque presentments of the buildings within the Palace precincts to which Mr. Liddell was fortunate in gaining access reproduce, no doubt, with a certain artistic licence the effects of the glazed material which is often employed about temples and official and ornamental buildings such as are here portrayed. But stones and bricks are generally grey, and mud and dust—elsewhere, at any rate, than in the loess region—are generally grey, and dust and dirt do widely prevail; so that the untravelled reader must not draw too strong an inference from the brilliant colouring, for instance, of the picture (page 60) of Bing-oo. It does not matter so much in the case of portraits, though the Chinese man in the street does not usually wear a red cap or have such pink arms and hands as one of Mr. Menpes' onlookers at a game of draughts (page 65); but everyone can discount for himself the colouring in his sketch, for instance, of "A Student" (page 17) or the admirably characteristic portrait labelled "Chopsticks" (page 33). Miss Kemp uses colours more sparingly, and her picture (page 6) of the familiar tea-house in the native city at Shanghai may serve as a corrective to Mr. Liddell's more brilliant presentment (page 44).

We recognise the difficulty—the practical impossibility, in fact—of reproducing the actual colouring under these conditions, and desire only, as we said

before, to enter a caveat against a mistaken impression. This reservation apart, the reader who has not "been there" will be helped to form an impression of China and things Chinese by the generally characteristic and well-selected pictures of all sorts, down to thumb-nail sketches, which are placed before him.

The choice of topic in dealing with China offers a range as wide as that of scenery or type. Sir Henry Blake addresses himself chiefly to the people, their customs and characteristics, and compresses a great deal of information within his hundred and forty pages of letterpress. Mr. Liddell describes what he has observed, and as he confined his journeyings chiefly to the Treaty Ports and Peking he generally traverses trodden ground. Shanghai-landers will be amused by the romantic description quoted (page 33) from Chitty of the origin of their "Bubbling Well"; though they may doubt whether the lady whose tears produced it were really threatened with divorce: the Chinese remedy for childlessness is more usually a second wife!

It is scarcely necessary on the other hand to have "been there" to share the sentiments excited by his visit to the Temple of Heaven.—Miss Kemp takes a wider range. "The Face of China" is a record of travel in East, North, Central and Western China, and the illustrations recall varied incidents and features of her journeys; but the portrait of the author as a Chinese "female travelling scholar" (is such a thing known in Chinese sociology?) fails to lessen our objection to ladies travelling alone in China. She writes pleasantly, but a longer residence would have taught her that reform does not necessarily follow edicts deprecating malpractice; while more careful inquiry would have enabled her to assure herself that his Majesty's Government, while scrupulously fulfilling their promises in regard to opium, desire only (page 262) proof that China is doing her part. It is generally admitted that the Imperial Government is in earnest, and a measure of success has doubtless been attained. Still, not only were no statistics presented to the recent International Commission of Inquiry, but the Chinese representative admitted frankly that statements regarding the extent to which poppy cultivation and opium smoking had been reduced were "guesswork". It is significant that, whereas the gross amount of foreign opium imported into Shanghai fell from 33,219 cwt. in 1906 to 28,869 cwt. in 1908, that of native opium rose from 15,731 cwt. to 22,814 cwt. in the same period.

Mr. Geil's black-and-white views of the Great Wall and objects in its vicinity—albeit perhaps less attractive—are better suited than colour sketches to convey an impression of the scenery he describes. They are apparently reproduced from photographs, and testify to the clearness of atmosphere which permitted such sharpness of outline. He has been at pains to collect a great deal of information legendary, historical and archaeological, and is impressed—we had almost written oppressed—by the potentialities of a race that could plan and execute such a stupendous work. But his style is sensational, from the Discours Préliminaire, as he calls his preface, to the demoniacal stories at the close; and the calculation (page 136) about the quantity of human blood that Genghis Khan shed during his career is distasteful.

Mr. Bland's should not, properly, be classified as a picture-book, though it contains not a few sketches, thumb-nail and others, pleasantly illustrating the reminiscences of houseboat excursions which it relates. The letterpress is, as it is intended to be, uneven—slight in some chapters, pregnant with suggestive reflections in others. The explanation offered, for instance, by a lay figure introduced under the guise of an American missionary, of the reasons "why the Caucasian is a failure at diplomacy in China", of the general contrariness in China of cause and effect, why European women are found to marry Chinese, etc., is delicious. It is all P'utzu! What P'utzu is, we leave our readers to discover for themselves.

ECCLESIASTICAL ORIGINS.

"Early History of the Christian Church." By Monsignor Louis Duchesne. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. London: Murray. 1909. 9s. net.

MONSIGNOR DUCHESNE worthily represents the great traditions of France in sacred learning. Like the Benedictines of S. Maur, he is an admirable antiquary, and, like some of them, he has had his troubles. His inquiry into the earliest history of certain of the French sees has led him to reject their traditional succession of bishops from an impossible antiquity, and he has brought a hornets' nest about his ears by this disturbance of local self-complacency. But his most solid work, and one which no living scholar has excelled, is the monumental edition of the "Liber Pontificalis", which now is unfortunately out of print. That famous document, which began to take shape early in the fourth century and gained its present form in the seventh, professes to give the chief facts in the life of every one of the first ninety Popes. To distinguish truth from tradition or deliberate invention, and to interpret its strange language and obscure antiquities, as Mgr. Duchesne has done, was a task of extraordinary difficulty and required a variety of knowledge to which few scholars have attained. But the author has also an expert acquaintance with the mysterious subject of liturgies, and has expounded it in the most interesting and instructive of his writings, the "Origines du Culte Chrétien". And now he has used the same literary skill to narrate the history of the Christian Church down to the close of the Arian controversy, in two volumes of which the former has just been translated into English. We trust that he will soon carry on the story through the great Christological controversies to Gregory the Great and the beginning of the Middle Ages. His previous researches have made him even more familiar with that period than with the earlier, and such a narrative would cover ground less adequately traversed than that to which his present volumes are devoted.

In dealing with the work of a thoroughly competent scholar it is less profitable to discuss details than to consider his point of view. And this is the more worthy of attention because Mgr. Duchesne is the head of a school and the representative of a tendency which we trust is gaining ground in his communion. In his judgment tradition unsupported by evidence has no weight, and he is remarkably free in his treatment of venerable assumptions. The most important of these is, of course, that in regard to the special rights claimed for the See of Rome. The belief in those rights, as making Rome the centre of unity, is maintained on other than purely historical grounds, but it is remarkable how candid inquiry has made the old confident assertions no longer credible. Pius IX. never doubted that S. Peter had been for twenty-five years Bishop of Rome, and took a special pleasure in thinking that he was the first to exceed the Apostle's term of office. Probably the mass of Roman Catholics have as little doubt to-day; yet the standard text-book of the Catholic Universities of Germany, that of F. X. Funk, merely says that S. Peter was at Rome at the beginning of the twenty-five years and suffered martyrdom there at the end of them. He does not profess to know where the Apostle passed the interval. Mgr. Duchesne goes a step further. While maintaining, with ample evidence, that S. Peter died at Rome, he says that there is no evidence of an earlier visit, and he bases the claims of the Roman See, not upon the bishopric of S. Peter, but upon the fact that Rome was his last scene of work and the place of his martyrdom. To the end of the present volume, which closes with the cessation of persecution, he is scrupulous not to overstate the Roman claims or the amount of recognition which the merits of the Roman Church received from Christendom at large; yet occasionally a turn of phrase shows that he is not quite emancipated from the current thought of his communion. It must, indeed, be difficult when a proposition is firmly held on one ground to prevent the intrusion of arguments, even though dubious, which are used by friends in maintenance of the same thesis. Quite as

remarkable is Mgr. Duchesne's tolerance. The tradition of his Church has been the abhorrence not only of heresy but of all who came under suspicion of being heretics; and the reformed Churches, not to be outdone, have in the main been equally rigid. The old spirit has now disappeared. Origen is spoken of with constant sympathy, and his errors are made to appear as slight as possible in comparison with his services to Christendom. And so in other cases. Save where Gnostics and the like taught doctrines destructive of the faith, points of contact rather than of difference are emphasised, and Mgr. Duchesne is evidently glad when speculative error is compensated by confessorship or martyrdom. He recognises that the system of doctrine, like that of law, could only be worked out by the accumulation of decisions upon particular points, and that therefore the teachers who proved to be in the wrong were in a sense serving the cause of truth. Thus the old hostility, inevitable and often praiseworthy in the days of conflict, may now be laid aside, and those who would be the last to approve doctrinal eccentricity may recognise that the course of events had as much to do with its emergence as the wilfulness of men. And with this tolerant spirit our author joins a willingness to learn from scholars whose position is far from his own. Though he remarks that of the two evils, legend and theory, he prefers the former, his views on some important points are those of modern Germany. He is very cautious in his statements as to the Gospels, and seems inclined to give them a later date than many scholars would allow. He is also vague as to the origins of the Christian ministry, and much less confident than our own Bishop Gore, while he refuses to be wiser than Mommsen concerning the causes of persecution, and ignores recent speculations on that topic.

We could have wished that so wise and interesting a book had been worthily translated. The translation is of a class far higher than those hackwork renderings from the German which are too often a disgrace to English scholarship. The translator writes good English and has a competent knowledge of French; the lapses, due rather to haste than to ignorance of the language, are few, though sometimes provoking. But for the translation of a work which in parts deals with abstruse matters a third language is required—the technical language of the subject. Of classical antiquity and of Church history the present translator is quite ignorant, and though this is not manifest through many pages of flowing narrative it becomes discreditably conspicuous wherever a knowledge greater than that of the general reader is needed to interpret the author's sense.

THE GAY PROFESSOR.

"The Letters of John Stuart Blackie to his Wife." By Archibald Stodart Walker. London: Blackwood. 1909. 12s. 6d.

IS the memory of John Stuart Blackie still so living that this book may count on many readers? In his lifetime the Professor of Greek at Edinburgh was a notable figure in England and Scotland amongst the learned and literary, and in Scotland at least perhaps the best known by the populace in public meetings and festivities. But when the vigour and brightness and charm of his personality went with his death, and Edinburgh was bereaved of her most picturesque and characteristic resident, what remained of his work still able to attract attention? We believe very little either of prose or verse, though he wrote much of both. When those who knew Blackie personally have gone, his Greek Dialogues and his "Self-Culture" will probably be the only things of his read for their own sake. Until that time comes, say fifty years to allow all those to whom he taught Greek to die away, whatever he wrote will be read by them as a renewal of their knowledge of him, and of the admiration they felt for him in days when their susceptibilities were in their first keenness. So this book will have no lack of readers, though the formal biography of Blackie was published soon after his death fourteen years ago. Pupils who rose in class every morning to his Πάτερ ἡμῶν are in every English-speaking nation. They will recognise in these letters from their

very beginning, and throughout the half-century, the authentic note of the thoughts and feelings so familiar to them on the lips of the man who taught them such Greek as they were capable of learning, and many things more valuable to them than Greek. It is remarkable indeed that Blackie's letters to his wife are so very like what he would have written to pupils with whom he was in regular correspondence; and there is nothing so intimate and personal that it causes uneasiness and embarrassment. Probably no man of more than ordinary mind and character had ever fewer thoughts that he could not and would not communicate fervidly to any intelligent listener. Such a clever and versatile man, of high ideals, a pure and transparent moral character, of poetic sentiment, will have far-reaching influence over young minds. Much more by direct contact than a profounder and more original thinker has whose personal qualities do not capture the imagination. It was said that Blackie taught anything but Greek. In the later years he taught less of his subject than any other professor did. He may have neglected his subject, but he did not neglect his pupils. One could see by cursory inspection of an ordinary junior Greek class that the majority of the uncouth youths had come from home where the humanities and the amenities had not been cultivated. Half of them were morose and reclusive, over-valuing the book-learning and education of which they had not had a fair share. They were representative of the many warring sects and narrow fanaticisms of Scottish life of thirty years ago; the Homoousians and the Homoiousians of the Scottish theological and political and social worlds. Incalculable was the benefit to these youths, the coming-on ministers, journalists and schoolmasters, and to society about to be delivered into their hands, that Blackie should have thought of teaching them other things than Greek. He became a missionary of the gospel of sweetness and light to generations of the Gentiles who crowded his classes. He taught them by precept and personal example. In physical grace he so approached the Greek as to be non-Scottish or non-British. Intellectually and morally the Greek and the Christian culture were combined in him as completely as they are ever to be found. For such a man to impress just himself and his ideas consciously and purposely, with intent to make his pupils as like himself as possible, was to give them the benefit of the best education that could be given to the young Scotsmen under his charge. This Blackie did, and the Scottish people owe him gratitude for doing it to the extent to which he succeeded. They admitted it during his life, and they saw that this Edinburgh Socrates was not corrupting their youth, though with irony and sarcasm and humour, which it must be confessed sometimes ran into buffoonery, he scoffed at the idols of their temples and their families. These letters, as we have said, will give the greatest pleasure to those who knew Blackie personally or have the admiration and affection which all Scotsmen, perhaps without exception, felt for him. This alone is a fairly large circle into which the letters may go. But it would not be giving a quite correct notion of them if we did not recall that Blackie was also one of the most popular Scotsmen amongst Englishmen. He had a very wide acquaintance and friendship with Englishmen and Englishwomen of social, political and academic distinction. He was well known, too, amongst similar classes of foreigners. His letters from England, Germany, Russia and Turkey exhibit him with all his verve, humour, sagacity, naïveté, vanity and joy in life, in societies that are attractive to every class of reader.

NOVELS.

"The Haven." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

The methods which Mr. Phillpotts has adopted in his latest novel demand unqualified praise. He has tried to show us the life of a south-coast fishing town for a certain number of years with great simplicity and a delightful minimum of manipulation. The story brings

into prominence the fortunes of a particular family, but only as the beam of a searchlight illuminates a special block of faces in a crowd. The Major family has not been selected for any peculiarity of adventure or of character; the father is a typical God-fearing Brixham fisherman, very circumscribed in his view of divinity, with an unshakeable faith in its operations on his behalf, and a serene capacity for misinterpreting the natural course of events and his own inclinations. Yet, for all his faithful obstinacy, never bigoted; and, for all his hardness, never wilfully unkind. His son and daughter seem scarcely to partake of his nature, and, the one sadly, the other determinedly, go their several ways to grieve him, and live the lives which most appeal to them. They are but boy and girl when first we meet them, but each presents grandchildren to their father, and one of these grows to a working age before the book concludes. It thus covers an entire generation, and in its quiet and unhurried, undirected presentation of progressive existence its hold on the reader will be found. That hold is unexacting, there is, most commendably, no effort made to heighten it, and it depends throughout on a sheer simplicity and directness which never attains the highest narrative quality, and even when it moves us most is plainly but a paraphrase, and often a somewhat distant one, of actuality. Mr. Phillpotts succeeds in producing a sense of character, and even of dialect, though obviously he reports nothing as it was spoken, and very little, probably, as it was thought. Dick Varwell, doubtless, was a philosopher, and a delightful one; but his symposiums—and he consumed an inordinate amount of liquor—have a cogency and a brilliance which one expects in vain from philosophers with much easier access to his modern arguments. Nor can we imagine such idyllic love-making from any country boy and girl as Ned and Deborah so charmingly offer us. "Every word that he faltered was beautiful to her: his humility, his fear, his promises; the name of her spoken at sea by night while she slept. . . . To her it seemed that if he only looked and listened, everything round about would answer for her. The bees made mellow music and voiced her; the gulls cried out her happiness in their laughter; the grasshoppers chirruped it; the waves danced and flashed it. Heaven spread above her, and the great westering light aloft was not too large to tell of her delight." This admirable passage gives very nearly the distance which the author keeps from the real atmosphere of the life he pictures. He gives us a sense of things as they are, while always depicting them as they are not. He has not the master's power to deal with reality, naked and expressive; but he draws over it a veil of style, beneath which, with its crudities and incapacities, softened by a gentle iridescence, we are permitted to watch it working. The point to realise is that it is life indeed that lies beneath his veil, and not the puppets of romantic creation; and that he is diligent to present it to us, at that remove, faithfully, sympathetically, and as he knows it.

"The Pasque Flower." By Jane Wardle. London: Arnold. 1909. 6s.

The opening chapters of "The Pasque Flower" promise pleasant adventure, spiced with mystery and picturesquely set, but later it develops into a tame love-story. The hero's affections are divided between two cousins, neither of them very admirable specimens of the feminine sex, and it is impossible to care very much which of the two he eventually marries. Not that a novel need be uninteresting because the hero is lukewarm and diffident, and the heroine unsatisfactory, but such beings require an artistic treatment different from the pleasant superficial psychology of the ordinary novel of romantic interest. Miss Wardle writes carefully and intelligently, and her German business-man of good family is an excellent piece of portraiture and quite unhackneyed.

"Mr. Justice Raffles." By E. W. Hornung. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

We confess that we are sick of the egregious Raffles. The only excuse for Mr. Hornung's idealisation of his

cricketer-burglar would be a wish to undermine the notion, oddly prevalent in some educational circles, that good cricket implies superior morality. But what our schoolboys are too much disposed to believe is that a good cricketer can do no wrong. Therefore Mr. Hornung will be taken to preach the doctrine that robbery is a legitimate and spirited pastime. We do not suppose that his books will have the same effect on public-school boys as is, according to police-court reports, produced on board-school boys by penny dreadfuls. All the same, this kind of writing is not cricket. In the present volume Raffles is outwitting a Jewish moneylender in a good cause. But Mr. Hornung's delivery is losing its power, and he ought to be taken off.

"F. E."

"Speeches delivered in the House of Commons and elsewhere, 1906-1909." By F. E. Smith K.C. M.P. Liverpool: Young, 1909.

Why should Mr. Smith apologise (see preface) for publishing his speeches? Demosthenes did it; Cicero did it; why not F. E. Smith? One must eternally regret that Cæsar did not do it (at least we have not got the book if he did). Mr. Smith has an eye on posterity, and is not going to make this mistake. He is quite right. After all, speeches of a politician, until he becomes a cabinet minister, are everything—his stock-in-trade, his record, his credentials, his claim on the future. Property so important to him he obviously ought not to trust to the changes and chances of newspaper reports for their preservation. It is safety for the speaker, and convenient for his critics, to have an authorised version to go to. At any rate, it removes one element of contention—what the speaker did or did not say; for in the nature of things he is estopped from going behind his own authorised version, even if he knows it to make him say what he did not. Therefore we trust Mr. Smith has been extremely careful that this should be a true version of what he said. He is much too important to the Unionist party to be able to take the accuracy of this volume lightly. We are glad in every way that Mr. Smith has published his speeches; partly, we admit, because, appalling as is the number of speeches an editor, poor devil, has to read, Mr. Smith has made speeches we are very willing to read again for pure pleasure. Epigram and the brilliancy of light play are, of course, better in the spoken than the read speech; nothing can quite make up for the countenance and the voice; but when one knows the man one can fill that in for one self. The first speech in the book—the first in Mr. Smith's parliamentary career and the foundation of all his greatness—makes the same impression that it did on first acquaintance. One feels now as then that the first question it raises

(Continued on page 670.)

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is: can he live up to it? It is dangerous to begin with your best. You may incur the fate of the man who went into the highest room and was told with shame to go lower. Accordingly most parliamentary debutants, following the advice of every old House of Commons mentor, begin studiously piano. Not so Mr. Smith. He flings the old men's advice in their faces and opens with a flourish of trumpets. He pours forth a stream of glittering epigram. Well, he took a great risk with the most brilliant result. It might have offended; in fact it pleased. It is remarkable, because it would have been only political human nature that the veterans should, most of them, be annoyed that this raw recruit could do what they could not, and a few that he could do what they could. The proverb of the premier pas has never been so well vindicated. After that *superas evadere ad auras* has been simple work. One thing we are sure of: he who reads the first speech in this book will go on and read others. By the way, we observe thankfully that this collection contains none of the militant Protestant speeches. Mr. Smith can do without that crutch now.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Disappearance of the Small Landowner." By Arthur H. Johnson. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1909. 5s.

This is a really useful little book on the land question which should serve to dissipate various obstinate errors both of Liberals and Conservatives. The old idea that the small owners in England, the peasantry, were wholly thrust out by barbarous Enclosure Acts is an ignorant idea. The Enclosure Acts certainly tended to that end, but one cannot help realising as one reads this book, or indeed any history of modern England, that the tendency was for the small owner or holder to go irrespective of Enclosure Acts. The rise of industry evidently diverted the peasant holders to the towns. Mr. Johnson also has a few very useful notes on the present position of the peasant proprietor in France. There is no doubt that in thousands of instances he lives a life of more labour and distress than the English peasant. We have little patience with the careless pens that are for ever dwelling on the prosperity and happiness of the peasants in France and Germany, and there is much utter poverty and wretchedness in the villages of both countries. The reforms of Stein and Hardenburg in Germany a hundred years ago have by no means made of the Prussian village a paradise to-day.

"Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

These travels with a donkey bear any amount of reprinting. Stevenson rarely wrote in a better vein, and never, we think, revealed the secret places in himself so nearly as in this holiday diary of impressions. The small events that were to him adventures are made adventures for the reader, and every mood comes successfully through. Are the pictures a mistake? They are executed by Noel Roope; if we object, it is not because we object to him. The fact is that Stevenson's own word-colour is so delicately perfect, yet so surely given, that the interposition of another's art is apt to be resented.

"Poems by Gray." "Poems by Keats." London: Frowde. 1909. 2s. 6d. each.

The interest of these reprints lies in the exactness with which they reproduce original editions. The "Poems by Gray" are reprinted line for line from the original volume published in 1768; the "Poems by Keats" from the volume of 1820. It is a melancholy thing to read the publisher's apology for printing the unfinished "Hyperion". Over the date June 26, 1820, we read: "The poem was intended to have been of equal length with 'Endymion', but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding".

To their admirable edition of the Works of Oscar Wilde (Methuen, 5s. net each), the publishers have lately added "The Importance of Being Earnest", "An Ideal Husband", "The Duchess of Padua". Will Wilde's plays survive for reading? It is certainly possible to read them now with some lively interest. We have lately read a part of "The Importance of Being Earnest", and its flippancy and wit are so good in their way that it might seem as if the plays must last. Yet we doubt it not the less. The point about these plays is their incessant cleverness. The play we mention above is a good example probably. Cleverness where persisted in without ceasing, without an occasional brilliant flash of the ordinary or mediocre, defeats its own ends. If all the world were full of clever men, women, and children never speaking save in paradox, not even asking for the bread and butter without being witty in the asking, what a bore it would all

be. "The Importance of Being Earnest" overdoes cleverness. "I am sick of cleverness", says Ernest Worthing, "everybody is clever now. You cannot go anywhere without meeting clever people, and the thing has become an absolute public nuisance. I wish to goodness we had a few fools left." Algernon: "We have". Jack: "I should extremely like to meet them. What do they talk about?" Algernon: "The fools? Oh! about the clever people of course." It is undoubtedly true that the professional clever men of to-day, or of Wilde's day, depend largely for their success on the fools. The fool is their bread and cheese.

The "Saturday" Handbook (The West Strand Publishing Company. 2s. 6d. net), edited by the Hon. Gervase Beckett and Mr. Geoffrey Ellis, is something more than an ordinary handbook. Whilst providing powder and shot for the electoral campaign in the shape of hard facts and extracts from speeches and official publications, it contains special contributions by Mr. Walter Long, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Wyndham, and others; these are a guide to Unionist policy. In a note Mr. Balfour expresses his approval of the general scheme of the Handbook.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Novembre.

In an extremely good paper, critical and appreciative of the work of Israel Zangwill, M. Augustin Filon remarks that in accepting the presidency of the "Ito," Mr. Zangwill becomes the first democratic leader the Jewish race has had in modern times. It must be remembered that he has been elected unanimously, without any limitation as to time or powers. There is an interesting study of the genesis and realisation of the schemes for tunnelling the Alps by the Gotthard and the Simplon, written by M. Bawhies. He also describes the conferences held this year. The one was between Germany, Italy and Switzerland regarding the Gotthard, regulating traffic, rates, etc., and it certainly appears that Switzerland is to do all the work in keeping the line clear, etc., for the benefit of Germany. The Simplon Convention was signed on 18 June on behalf of France and Switzerland; this regulates the further shortening and facilitating of the means of approach to the tunnel on the Swiss side.

For this Week's Books see pages 672 and 674.

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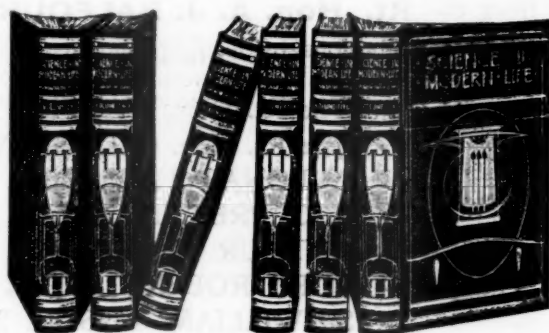
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